THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 3. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SERPENT SLIME.

Villainous Methods Resorted to by the London "Times" in the Hope of Hanging Parnell.

Full Statement of the Atrocious Conspiracy by P. J. Sheridan.

The Devil a Gentleman Compared With the Tory Minister.

[*Press Dispatches*]

DENVER, Col., Jan. 10.—One of the supposed chief phases of the Cronin mystery was unraveled here to day. During the excitement in Chicago following the disappearance of Dr Cronin, Dr. McCahey, of Philadelphia, gave the press what was purported to be an unsigned cipher cablegram from Paris on May 6, to Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago, the contents of which were made to appear by McCahey to indicate that the sender of the dispatch and Mr. Sullivan were cognizant of Dr. Cronin's death. Mr. Sullivan repeatedly refused to make the explanation of the dispatch. The reason for Sullivan's silence was ascertained this afternoon from Thomas Brennan, first secretary of the Land League in Ireland, for some years resident in Omaha. In an interview with the *Examiner* correspondent Mr. Brennan said it was the unwillingness of Mr. Sullivan to betray an important confidence between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt, in London, and certain leaders of the Irish movement in this country. After some persuasion Mr. Brennan then told the whole of the strange story.

The author of the celebrated telegram is now given for the first time. It is no other than Parnell's right hand man, Michael Davitt himself. The dispatch in question was as follows:

"PARIS, May 6, 1889.—*Alexander Sullivan, Opera House Building, Chicago:* Wire chancellor, if not gone, as follows: Reliable information suspected person, taking advantage advance books, offered enemy's agent April 5, come over for 20 000, half payable in advance; propose leaving May 12. If book could be found his story could be disproved and coming neutralized. Hope receive further information shortly whether offer accepted. Same agent acted before at Pueblo, April 6, and cabled for 10 000 part payment advance to be sent the Bank Montreal, Chicago, and 500 contingent expenses to be sent to Colorado Springs. The offer made by Buncomb may be game get money but desirable take precaution. You may buy correspondence agent with Buncomb at any price you think right. If possible postpone departure and send Tom or some reliable friend negotiate for correspondence, otherwise cable London name representative. Don't reply until see Tom."

Dr. M. Cahey also charged that J P Sutton, secretary of the Irish National League, was in Mr. Sullivan's office the same day, as a part of the conspiracy in relation to Dr. Cronin. He also charged that Mr. Sullivan made certain changes in the dispatch, as received from Paris, when transmitting it to Mr. Egan, at Lincoln, Neb., and that these changes had a sinister significance.

Mr Brennan has a letter from Mr Sutton, dated Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 9, 1889, which states that Sutton left Lincoln on May 8, in response to an invitation from John J. Donovan, of Lowell, State Executive of the Irish National League in Massachusetts to attend the State convention to be held May 9 Mr. Sutton arrived in Chicago May 6, and desiring to see John Fitzgerald, President of the Irish National League, called at the office of Windes & Sullivan, who were Mr. Fitzgerald's counsel in matter connected with the Canada and St. Louis Railroad. Mr. Sutton found that Mr. Windes and Mr. Fitzgerald were out of the city on this business, and while in Mr. Sullivan's office, the cablegram from Paris was received. Mr Sutton says that he pointed out to Mr. Sullivan two errors in transmission, namely, that "cancellor" should be "chancellor," which he knew to be a designation for Mr. Egan; and that the contents of the dispatch showed that "advance books" ought to be "absense books." These were the only changes made by Mr. Sullivan in the cablegram as transmitted to Mr Egan.

Mr. Sutton in the same letter disposes of another of McCahey's statements. It was that Sutton in conjunction with Ex Congressman John F. Finerty sent a pressing message to Patrick Egan to come to Chicago on the 6 h of May (two days after Dr. Cronin's disappearance, and the same day that Mr. Sullivan received the Paris dispatch) Mr Sutton says that he called of his own notion on Mr Finerty, who was anxious to have Patrick Egan accept a reception by the Irish American Club, of Chicago, and who requested Mr. Sutton to sign a telegram with him to Mr Egan urging him to come. This was the sole object of the joint dispatch signed by Mr. Sutton and Mr. Finerty.

[Mr. Egan was compelled to disappoint the Irish American Club once, and Mr. Finerty was requested by the officers of that body to ask the gentleman not to do so a second time, as it would cause annoyance and give offense. Hence the telegram. One of the lawyers for the prosecution ought to be, if he is not, familiar with the circumstances. McCahey is a double distilled, small brained, swivveling suspicious ass.—ED]

"The history of the now famous Paris dispatch is highly sensational," said Mr. Brennan, after showing Mr. Sutton's letter, "and the truth shows that Mr. Sullivan might have explained it to his own advantage at any past time, but was unwilling to do so because the transactions it covered were of momentous importance to the Irish cause in Ireland until after the Parnell commission should have closed." Continuing, Mr. Brennan said: "The dispatch from Paris May 6 was sent by Mr. Davitt, who authorized me to say so, it was forwarded by Mr. Sullivan to Mr. Egan, and requested the latter to see me, I being the person referred to as Tom. After consultation we were unable to determine who was referred to in the cablegram as likely to give evidence for the *Times* before the commission. The Omaha papers of the 6 h and 7 h of May contained articles announcing that Dr. Cronin was missing. We discussed every name that seemed possible. Dr. Cronin's unexplained absence made it natural that his should be included. I telegraphed to Mr Sullivan that the cablegram might refer to Dr. Cronin and that he might sail on the 12 h. Situated as we were, utterly in the dark as to the identity of the person with whom the *Times* was negotiating and anxious to leave nothing undone to get information, we would naturally consider the name of anyone reported to be missing at that time. We remained in ignorance until Mr. Egan and I were called to New York to meet a messenger from Mr. Davitt, when we learned for the first time that the cablegram referred to Mr. P. J Sheridan, of Colorado, we were all then at ease, because we had faith in Mr. Sheridan."

Mr Brennan received a dispatch from Mr. Davitt, from Paris, May 6 also, and now learned that it referred to the same matter and the same person as the dispatch from Mr. Davitt to Mr. Sullivan, at Chicago. Mr. Brennan says: "Mr. Davitt's messenger informed us that, by a fortunate accident, Mr. Davitt and his associates had discovered that Kirby, the *Times'* agent, was negotiating with Sheridan and had reported that he could secure that gentleman as a witness for the consideration of £20 000 It was this discovery that led to the sending of the cablegram to Mr Sullivan and myself, and also to the dispatch of the messenger whom we met in New York. While we had perfect confidence in Mr. Sheridan, and knew that if he had met the *Times'* agent it was only to ascertain what iniquity the *Times* proposed, and not to aid it we deemed it wise that I should visit Sheridan in Colorado, and get all the information possible, so as to send it back by the messenger to Mr. Davitt. This, I did; instead of trusting to the mails which are carefully watched by British government agents Mr. Sheridan had dept a detailed account of his meetings with Kirby, the London *Times'* agent, and had preserved all the correspondence, by mail and telegraph, between them. He promptly furnished the entire record to me, and it has been sent by a trusted messenger to Davitt. Sheridan himself furnishes a sworn statement covering the negotiations."

"Now for Sheridan's part of the story, which I declare to be true: On Oct 15, 1888, a man came to my ranch in Rio Grande county, Col., and introduced himself as an agent of the London *Times* He said he had been sent over by Joseph Soames, attorney for the *Times*, to see if I would come to London and testify on behalf of that newspaper before the Parnell commission, and that he was prepared to offer me any amount for my services and guarantee me absolute protection while in England. This man gave his name as F J Kirby, and after some further conversation I was requested by him to name my price.

"'Will the *Times* give me $100,000 to do this thing?' I asked.

'Kirby replied: 'Yes, provided your evidence is satisfactory. You will be paid the amount one hour after your examination closes.'

"'What will you consider satisfactory evidence?' I inquired.

"'The *Times* people want evidence to the effect that Parnell was a party to the Phœnix Park murders, if not the instigator of them, and your evidence to that effect will be satisfactory to my friends and secure to you the fortune you name and the fullest protection of the government.'

"'Is the government aiding the *Times* in defraying expenses in the commission?' I inquired.

"'Not as the government, but as individuals I presume they are,' he replied.

"'Well, I guess I don't care for a voyage anyhow,' I said. 'Could I not give my evidence in this country before a sub commission?'

"'Yes, but you cannot hope for the protection here you would get in London,' he replied.

'We then debated at some length the question of giving evidence before a sub commission in this country, and I still made him believe that I would give my evidence before a sub commission, and as such evidence would make it impossible for me to live in my present home a provision was to be made for my wife and family by an advance of $10 000 to my wife by raising a mortgage on my property in Colorado before the sub commission sat. I then suggested the advisability of my being posted on what evidence of importance was to be given by other witnesses in order that mine should be corroborated or at least non-contradictory. In reply he said that a series of questions and answers required for them would be prepared by Soames as soon as he (Kirby) got back to London, after which he was to return here and perfect his arrangements with me.

'Kirby at the close of the interview returned to London, promising to be back early in December of that year. Before going we arranged that in any correspondence we might have I should address him as J. Donaldson and he me as W S Smart. We had some correspondence by cable and the mails, and on April 4 1889 Kirby returned to my ranch near Monte Vista, and in our interview he said he knew I was sentenced to assassination I then told Kirby it was true my assassination had been ordered by the Clan na Gael, and that it would be impossible to give evidence before the sub commission as arranged in our last interview; that at present I had to have two men armed with Winchester rifles to protect me, and as I would not think of living in this country I would go to London on condition that the *Times* would buy my ranch and other property in Colorado for $10 000, the money to be paid over to my wife before I started for London. Ten thousand pounds more to be paid to me after I had given my evidence, and that I be guaranteed the protection of the English government. After some hesitation he consented to my terms and said he could speak for both the *Times* and the government in accepting them.

"About the nature of my evidence he asked if it would not be likely to create a sensation, and did I not think that after my first day on the witness stand Parnell would be likely to fly the country, to which I replied that Parnell and his friends would either fly the country or walk into the dock after I had given my evidence. I told him I was desperate, and was anxious to get even with the man who had ordered my assassination, and therefore wanted to go to London at once. He said he would immediately cable the *Times* the result of our interview and request that the money be immediately forwarded.

Kirby then went to Pueblo, and upon a letter from him requesting me to meet him at Colorado Springs, I did so on May 25 and he appointed a meeting with me on the following day, when he handed me a list of questions I was to be asked before the commission and requested me to fill in the replies which the questions would suggest. I told him I would not answer such questions until I got to London and got the protection of the English government. He then asked me to repeat to Mr Birch, one of the counsel employed by the *Times*, who had just come over from London, the nature of the contract existing between us and tell him how far my evidence would be corroborated by documentary evidence in my possession. This I refused to do, and Kirby then asked me to place Birch in the position of being able to say when he returned to London that he had seen me in Kirby's company and state that we had arrived at a satisfactory understanding. This I consented to when Birch handed me his card and told me he was there as the *Times* representative. Kirby then stated that there was some delay in receiving money from Chicago, and it was agreed that I should return home and arrange my affairs and that on the 29 h I could return to Colorado Springs with papers perfected for the transfer of my ranch, when I would receive £10 000

In conclusion I have to say that I deliberately entered into negotiations with Kirby as the *Times* representative, for the purpose of getting such information as I could from him as to the methods which the *Times* employs in getting up its case for the purpose of fooling Kirby and his employers, and for the purpose of selling my ranch at a good figure when I found he was willing to buy it I have no information to give that would be useful to the *Times* or injurious to Parnell or his friends.

"Dated Monte Vista, Colo., this 28 h day of May, 1889. P. J. SHERIDAN."

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28.h day of May, 1889.

"EDWARD E. EVERSON,
"Notary Public."

Mr. Brennan says that since the date of the sworn statement Mr. Sheridan has reported to him regularly every movement made by the baffled Kirby, that he, in turn, has forwarded the information to Mr. Davitt. Sheridan continued to play with Kirby as late as the last ten days of Sir Henry James' speech before the Parnell commission, which was prolonged in the desperate hope of getting Sheridan as a witness to swear to stuff which had foundation only in Kirby's mind.

It is expected that these disclosures will create a sensation scarcely less wide spread in Great Britain than the exposure of the Pigott forgeries, by which the *Times* case was wrecked. Kirby's approach to Sheridan was in the hope that the wreck might thus be repaired.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Mark Costelloe, of St. Paul, Minn., was in the city last week.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Reception and Ball.

The Irish National Social Club will give a reception and ball at Fosking's hall, No. 3012 Archer avenue, this (Saturday) evening, Jan. 18 Music by Owing's orchestra. A good programme has been arranged and a very pleasant time is anticipated.

Way

Do reasonable people go outside the real city and buy in obscure suburbs at fancy prices when they can get lots only one block from the great Fifty-fifth street boulevard, on Robey street, which is 100 feet wide, at $400 each; on Seeley and Hoyne avenues, and south part of Fifty fourth street, for $350? Terms of payment, $50 cash and $50 every six months, or on monthly payments. Cottages built to order.

WM H CONDON,
Real Estate Dealer,
156 Clark Street, Chicago Hotel.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO TO EUROPE in seven days via New York and Boston Limited—LAKE SHORE ROUTE Fortnightly sailings, etc., or apply or address J. D. O'Leary, agent, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

CLIFFS OF CLIFDEN.

Miss Banim's Beautiful Description of the Romantic Seaport of West Connacht.

A Charming Pen Picture of Irish Markets and Manners.

TALKING ABOUT THE PEOPLE

and their ways, and laughing over Peter's vain efforts to "insense" the strangers' tongue with a few Irish words, did not in the least interfere with looking at the constantly varying panorama around. We watched the wonderful effects of evening light slanting across from the west, where the sky seemed an immense golden sea, from the middle of which the sun's rays came across the moor, turning the heather and moss into patches of rich and warm color, lighting up and sparkling in every ripple on the lakes, and deepening the shadows of each intervening hill. Thrown out into relief, the long road wound like a broad riband at the foot of the mountains, whose base seemed hidden in a soft haze, while their high peaks, which here clustered together, caught various hues from shade and sunshine—some violet, some almost black, others transparently blue and glistening as if covered with ice. This is the picture one sees, looking back about a quarter of a mile below Clifden. Then, looking on ahead, the first view of Clifden is just as exquisite, and brings the traveler from Alpine grandeur and loveliness to a fair scene of life and civilization.

A little in front, at the bend in the mountain side, the Owenglin river is crossed by a graceful one arch bridge of white stone, from one side of which rises a little shaft like tower; far down in the thickly-wooded ravine the silvery river flows on, winding and twisting with the windings of the road above; beyond the ravine, and from the midst of trees, appear the white houses of Clifden, its streets rising zig-zag up and up the sides of a steep hill. I had often seen pictures of Clifden, but none of them give any idea of the beauty of this view as seen from the distance. It is a perfect gem. Seen closely, as the car drives to the hotel, the houses are only plain, comfortable white houses, not quite equal to the charming appearance they make a little way off rising from their bower of trees; but the whole town has a neat, well-to do look, and would, I thought, have agreeably disappointed the ladies who had remained behind for fear of Irish uncleanliness. I know we quite forgot to look for it, and it was not visible to the naked eye as we sat down to a cozy tea and toast and salmon—the latter fresh and curdy, as it is never eaten in London. Neither did I see any of the obnoxious commodity in a very plainly furnished but tidy bedroom, attended by a young chambermaid who certainly lacked proper hotel manners, for she had the audacity to feel very anxious that I should be very comfortable, to come very often to make sure that I was so, and so far to forget the fitness of things as to address me once or twice as "asthore." But somehow—I suppose I have no proper dignity—I thought it very pleasant and felt very grateful for the young girl's attentions.

AFTER A REFRESHING TEA

three was just time for a walk before dark, so we set out to find the Cascade, which is close by. Our way lay down a steep street where, it being after work hours, the men and women stood in the doorways of "strong shops," or, leaning up against the door posts, were chatting over the trifles that give ceaseless interest to the quiet life of a little country town. At the end of the street a short turn to the right brought us to the bridge at the head of the pretty waterfall, where there is a charming view of the smooth sheet of water before it falls down the rocks; of a narrow ravine, at the foot of which flows the Owenglin, made rapid and noisy by its leap down the height; of a picturesque old bridge, its one pointed arch framed in ivy and fringed with ferns, and, behind the bridge, a steep hill, Croughard, crowned by a round knoll on which is the commencement of a monument. A road to the right leads round to the second bridge, and the view from this spot is one of the sights of Clifden. The bridge we had just been standing on was now above us, and through each arch was seen a vista of the river flowing on by green banks streaked with bright patches where the last sun rays penetrated through the drooping trees, and where, in twos and threes, people were sauntering along. A few cottages beside the bridge looked like chalets in an Alpine glen; below, and hugging a smooth sheet of water, the rocks spread out in a semi circle, over which the river dashed in—not one, but a dozen cascades—leaving between their foaming streams clear spots of rugged rock—where grass and ferns had taken root, forming bright oases among the rushing streamlets. On one of these verdant spots a woman in a white shawl and red petticoat was gathering up linen she had been bleaching in the sun; on another some goats were grazing, adding to the life of the scene. High up to the left, above the roadway, steep cliffs towered, a winding path leading to what should be a feudal castle, but is in proxy reality a bridewell. This disappointing information we got from a little girl who, with a tiny sister, came to get water from the well, which, lying far beneath, is reached by a great path. Very friendly little girls they were, particularly the smaller, a child of about three years old, as fair as a wax doll and with the goldenest of golden curls all over her head. She was quite ready with her help in clambering down to the well, and quite willing to allow us to carry home the water for tea; she readily promised (she was daughter to the bridewell keeper) that the next time a poor prisoner was put up for assault and battery she would steal the keys and let him go free, but no, no coaxing would get her to part with a single one of the golden curls. As we sat there, the little one standing before us listening eagerly and delightedly to a free translation of what the gander near us was saying to the goose (I am afraid the jailer waited a good while for his tea that evening), the night came on with the suddenness of the season—as the old Irish saying has it, "in harvest time falls the night as suddenly as a stone thrown into a bog hole," and I could scarcely trace the dim figures of the children as they climbed the cliffs to their home.

REGAINING THE ROAD TO THE HOTEL,

we paused outside the low hedge which screened a cabin from sight, but did not shut in the sound of an exuberantly joyous "lilt" to the tune of which a cradle, where must really have lain the eighth sleeper of the world, was being rocked at a hard gallop. The voice of the rocker wasn't extra musical, the tune wasn't classical, and words there were none, but the lilt was irresistible; no mortal could listen to the girl and remain down hearted or serious; it was the outpouring of a heart utterly free from care and a head full of merry thoughts. On and on it went, faster, and louder, and higher, while the pedal accompaniment kept glorious time to "Di i dlle i i dli i i dli idli ither i i dli i i dlle idli ithir i." Talk of Mendelssohn's songs without words! They are mutterings of indistinct nothings compared with that cradle song. Half the people who, while they meander over the keys of the piano, tell you Mendelssohn meant this, and Mendelssohn meant that, all the while know nothing whatever of what the composer meant; but there could be no doubt in the world as to what this lilt said. This girl was not the owner of the baby; there were no husband and young family weighing on her mind; no, it was only "a sisther's child"; the day's work was done and the kitchen tidied up; there wasn't a hand's turn to do about the house, and to morrow would be market day, and she overheard Mrs Casey say Ned would be in to sell the calf—"Di i i dli i i dli i i dlle ither idlle" — (here the singer's voice rose louder and clearer, and the cradle went at a slashing pace); he was certain to stop over Sunday for his uncle's son's wedding; them shoes were an elegant fit for a dance, and if she could only make out the pink bowknot! We had to move on or I could no longer have been able to keep from joining in myself with all my powers, but the lilt was fixed in my brain as if I had practiced it for months, as I demonstrated when, on my return from Connemara, being asked what I had learned from my travels, I "gave out a dhea" of the cradle song to a select audience of my own family and an old lady who loved to teach us prayers and old sayings in Irish. The effect was perfect. The old lady declared—the tears from laughter rolling down her cheeks—that "Glory be to God, it brought back the country and the light heart of youth to her."

If Clifden looked charming in the evening lights, it showed to double advantage in the early morning, when the sun was just high enough to tint with soft shades the various views the place presents, for it is one of its peculiarities that to whichever side you look, go where you will, in every direction is a distinctly separate picture each picture perfect in itself.

THE TOWN IS BUILT ABOVE THE BAY

of Ardbear. A few yards from the hotel we look down into a valley through which the Owenglin flows on and into the bay; down where, framed between high hills, lies the harbor with its quay and its white storehouses, its boats on the waters, some as if resting after a long voyage, others busy centres of bustle and life and of the preparations for a cruise. High above, a graceful church spire is seen amidst the trees, and far above church and trees is seen Cloughard, on which is a monument of Mr. D'Arcy, to whose enterprise the town owes its origin. In 1815 there stood but one house above Ardbear estuary. Mr. D'Arcy, the owner of the place, saw its advantages for marketing and shipping, and offered leases forever of building sites, together with four acres of mountain, at a very low rent. The result was that in twenty years the town of 300 houses (with a population of 1 287 people) was built, a quay was made, a considerable export and import traffic opened between Connemara and England, and so much good was effected by the industry of the people that the neighborhood, which before 1815 did not bring a penny of revenue to the landlord, in that short period had become to him an income of £7 000 a year.

A walk of about a mile along the quay and out to the bay brings the tourist to Mr. D'Arcy's castle—a good, castellated house, embowered in trees, which grow here almost as luxuriantly as in the County Wicklow. The house commands a fine view of the bay and its islands. Of these, Omey, about four and a half miles from land, is connected with the shore by a passage traversable at low water. On this island are two very ancient burial places, where a curious custom prevails of reserving one burial place for men, the other for women, in accordance with the traditions of a religious confraternity founded by St. Feichin, or Feigean, who lived in the middle of the seventh century, and to whom this island was given by Guaira, King of Connacht. The other islands are—Garbert, Inishture, Croagh, Friar Island, Ardoilan, or High Island—the latter the most interesting, but very difficult of access, on account of the number of sunken rocks in its vicinity. Here St. Feichin built his monastery, the remains of which with the stone cells of the monks, are still to be seen on this island Ardoilan is said to be the nearest point in Europe to America.

CLIFDEN ITSELF

looked a busy town on the market morning, the country folk coming in from the mountains with creels of turf, baskets of eggs, butter, and fowls; bundles of the heather brooms; a few horses and ponies for sale, and whatever little home produce they could bring in to to sell. The small shops were busy with the bargainings and consultations over tea and sugar, tobacco, pipes, mugs, jugs, little black teapots, wool, needles and reels, and endless small stock in trade. There was the buzz of a vast amount of good humored talk coming from the houses where a hot, steaming cup of tea, herrings, and "lashins" of bread and butter supplied breakfasts for the well off farmers and their families. Many a pretty young girl, in white flannel shawl and crimson petticoat, stood smiling and jesting and half hiding her lovely teeth and laughing mouth behind her apron—a way many of them have. The men, often fine, handsome fellows, many of them very tall, all wear the same dress, dark grey trousers and vest of home spun, the latter showing white flannel sleeves, and soft felt hat. Great numbers of real Celtic faces were to be seen—the straight nose grey eyes, and dark, curling hair. One very pretty girl—well knowing that she was a comely colleen, and why shouldn't she!—was talking to a tall young cottier with such vivacity, such a fund of merriment and deludhering ways in her eyes, that I made up my mind that this was the girl I had listened to singing the evening before, and I was tempted to stop and ask the "descent boy" if he wasn't Ned Casey.—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

OBITUARY.

MR. EDWARD CODY.

To-day THE CITIZEN records with deep regret the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Edward Cody, which occurred on Saturday last at his residence, corner of State and Fiftieth streets. The deceased had not been well for some time, but no serious trouble was apprehended by his friends. On the day of his death Mr. Cody attended to his business up to 12 o'clock, when he retired to his room and had his physician called in. Three hours later he breathed his last. His disease was acute pneumonia.

The deceased was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, but lived the greater part of his life in Waterford. In the year 1865 he came to Chicago and by attention to business and natural ability he grew quite wealthy. He was known as a man of honor, a sterling Irish nationalist, hating the persecutions of England and loving the land which gave him birth with a devotion unsurpassed. He was an ardent and devoted Catholic, and never failed in his duties to the church he loved so well. The last sad rites took place on Tuesday morning, when the remains were conveyed to St. Ann's Catholic church on Fifty fifth street, where requiem mass was solemnized by the Rev. Father Flannigan, the choir singing the responses. The solemnity of the occasion deeply impressed the large congregation. After mass Father Flannigan delivered a very beautiful and instructive sermon on the theme "Be well prepared." This is a duty devolving upon members of the church. It made no matter how the call came, to be prepared for death should be the aim of all mankind. The way to be prepared is to live a good life, attend to christian duties and be ever ready to meet the destroyer. Great men die and are forgotten, but charitable deeds live for ever. The things that are eternal never die. Referring to the deceased the reverend gentleman said he was a quiet, industrious, good citizen, who devoted a part of every day in the year to his christian duties. His charity knew no bounds, and the large audience present attested the love and high esteem in which he was held. He had many good qualities of heart, and was a good husband, a loving father, and a model citizen. He died suddenly, but to him it was not sudden, because he was prepared for death. "Take the lesson now before you," said Father Flannigan, "follow in his footsteps, and, like him, be prepared."

After the services at the church the funeral cortege, which consisted of about one hundred carriages, reformed and the remains were conveyed to Calvery cemetery where all that was mortal of Edward Cody was laid to rest. The pall bearers were Patrick O'Neill, John Farren, Daniel Delaney, Daniel Foley, Patrick Quick, M. Fitzgerald, J. J. Melan, John Hennaberry, William Murphy, Patrick Stretch, M Farrell and Thomas Barra. The deceased leaves a wife and two children to mourn his death.

The display of flowers was quite large and beautiful.

AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.—I wish, as an American, to express my sincere sorrow for the death of my dear Irish friend. Mr Edward Cody, whose very sudden and unexpected death has cast a gloom over all his friends. He was one of the men ennobled by nature, and was a credit to both his native land and his adopted country. As a friend of his for many a year, I, although a Protestant, joined fervently in the Catholic prayer—"God rest his soul."

JOHN L HOWES,
No. 4946 Wabash avenue.

MR. MICHAEL GANNON.

Mr. Michael Gannon, a well known Irish-American of the North Division, died suddenly of pneumonia on the 9 h inst. aged 52 years. He was born in Roscommon, Ireland, and came to this country about twelve years ago. He lived most of that time in Chicago, and, during the last eight years of his life, had partial charge of the business of Mr. P. H Dolan. Mr. Gannon was an honest, true hearted Irishman, and enjoyed the esteem and friendship of all who knew him. The funeral occurred on the 11 h inst., from the house to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, where high mass of requiem was celebrated, after which the remains were escorted to Calvery cemetery by an imposing funeral cortege. The death of Mr. Gannon is very widely lamented.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARCH.

Tramp, tramp, unceasingly as the sodden feet of the trampers splashed and plashed on their way past houses, villages, mansions, castles; through the afternoon, the evening, and into the dusk. Tramp, tramp, still in silence without pause or cessation.

"Will it never end?" Convict No. 25 asks himself as he plods along mechanically, every sense but one of dull fatigue and excessive tiredness dormant in his body. It was like the endless journeys men imagine themselves making when the fever stretches them on a bed of sickness and fires their brain with disordered dreams.

"Will it never have an ending?" He was going to sleep as he staggered along, and would have fallen forward, as his heedless foot struck against a stone which he failed to see, but that his companion brought him up with a chuck of the handcuff, and he saved himself further by partly falling against the man preceding him.

"Steady there, No. 25! No breaking the ranks!"

The voice of the warder, shouting unceasingly over the beat of the men's feet, woke him to a sense of his position. But the feeling died away again as the relapsing sense of fatigue—overwhelming fatigue and sleep—seized upon the numb muscles and nerves of his limbs and brain. No power of his will could overcome the sense of sleep that seized him.

Oh! for rest, anywhere. Oh! for a night's sleep—an hour's sleep! He would willingly add another year to his sentence for every hour of rest he was allowed. He moved along without power, mechanically as a machine might, his legs alone moving. From his hips up seemed cast iron, so little power of motion there was in his frame. No thought of home, no thought of friend or lover rested in his mind. The overwhelming sense of fatigue, the unconquerable desire for sleep, alone filled his brain. There was no room for anything else.

He was sleeping again, and stumbled as before. As he recovered his place a buzz went through the ranks that roused him somewhat. A low sound that seemed so strange in the unbroken silence of the ranks that it woke him a little, and he looked over his foremost neighbor's shoulder.

They were tramping down the hill; and, as he looked, the multitudinous lights of a city flashed before his eyes. Thousands of twinkling lamps were concentrated in one great centre, while to the right and the left they spread in more diminished numbers. They were, at last, within measurable distance of rest.

And so on through Portsmouth, until they were brought up at the huge gate of a huge building. Which gate suddenly opening, they were once more within the walls of a prison. Never did prison seem so grateful yet to humankind—never was its shelter so acceptable.

They were ushered into a large bare room on the ground floor, completely divested of every kind of furniture. Their handcuffs were again unlocked, and, save the fetters, they were free to do as they pleased. A heap of rations was piled in one corner, from which a warder supplied all who chose to take. Some, hungry after their long walk, did. Convict No. 25 staggered over to an opposite corner, and throwing himself on the ground, was instantaneously asleep.

He did not think he could have been more than a few moments asleep, when he awoke; but the clear daylight was streaming in through the barred windows. He felt a dreadful thirst, so great that it parched his mouth and almost prevented him from speaking. He was shivering too, and his teeth were chattering, although his frame felt burning.

A mist seemed overspreading his eyes, through which he could only see vaguely. But he could see the drummer, where he stood with his drum in his hand, whose beat had wakened the sleepers. He could see too, dimly, that the convicts, were all gathering themselves to their feet, and he made an effort to do likewise. But he had only climbed to his knees when his head reeled, his strength left him, and he fell helplessly forward.

He was awoke from his torpid condition by finding two of the warders trying to lift him; but his limp form was unable to stand, and they laid him down again.

"That man is very ill," said one warder to the other.

"He is altogether unable to walk," assented the second.

"What shall we do with him?"

"Carry him on board."

"But the prison doctor should see him. If he has any dangerous illness, we might get into trouble."

"He has fever I think; he is so hot. Feel his hands."

"He is shivering for all that. How he trembles."

All this he heard in a confused sort of way, as if in a dream. Then the voices of the men faded from his ears; and he seemed to be again journeying, journeying for ever—on, on, without rest—without end.

"Are you very ill, 25? Would you like a drink? There is water here." He could hear the words, though he failed to know the speaker's voice or to see him. But it was the voice of the Clareman that was speaking to him, and it was his unhampered left hand that was pouring the water into his mouth, spilling it considerably as he did so.

How delightful, even in his stupor, did the refreshing water seem to his parched throat. How like a dew from heaven to his fevered tongue that was so terribly swollen in his head. But it was only for a moment, and he relapsed again into insensibility.

Prison doctor comes and sees him where he lies; bends over him and looks at him; takes up his limp hand and feels his pulse.

Prison doctor shakes his head.

"This man cannot go on board," he says, "else he would convert the ship into a lazaretto. Worst type of fever I have seen in my time, and most malignant."

Other convicts stand at some distance looking on. Also stands looking on, the Clareman.

"Send for the Governor," doctor says.

Governor of prison arrives very soon.

"This convict cannot go on board," doctor says. "Bad fever—very bad—must make way for him in some cell in hospital! separate from all the present inmates of prison. Else fever may spread, and lay hold of more than convicts."

"Who will attend him?" Governor asks. "We have no one for the purpose. He does not belong to the prison."

He cannot go on board; he cannot go into the streets. Men's lives are to precious for that. Convict No. 25 may die himself—probably will; but the health of the prison—of the Governor and his family, for instance, and of the other officials—must not be endangered. Neither must the health of the town generally be imperiled. Nothing but rigid seclusion will limit this most malignant fever, and confine it to the convict himself.

Governor sees the force of this argument, particularly the first portion; sees also the growing danger of leaving that senseless lump of humanity there, wherefrom to breed fever, no one knows how soon; wherefore he again asks the doctor—

"Who will mind him? We have no hands for that purpose. He is not on the prison strength."

Doctor pauses to think. Clareman standing by, his pale face more paloroas with the fatiguing walk of yesterday, and with another day's thick black stubble over his face, looks on. His right hand is still tethered to his ankle, and hangs helplessly to his side, very much as the empty sleeve of a man's coat does, when his arm is off, and it is pinned to his side.

Clareman's eyes wandered in their frightened, furtive way from Governor to doctor, and to the huddled up heap on the ground—then to governor, to doctor, and huddled up heap again—in never ending succession.

Finally, he fixes his eyes on the doctor, and, lifting his unhampered left arm and placing it on the doctor's shoulder, said—

"I will."

Governor looks with astonishment at the black, fettered creature before him—upon whose coarse grey prison dress the mud of yesterday's march, so thick it is, stands out in strong relief—for adventuring such familiarity with one of the high officials. Verily, so he might; for Clareman, except that he stood upright on two legs, had very little the appearance of a human being about him. A gorilla or ourang-outang, newly caught, and with a frightened expression in his eyes begotten of his recent capture, would have looked quite as much like a human being.

Doctor, however, looks at him in no such light. He recognizes his offer, its genuineness, and its opportuneness. He simply says—

"You will?"

"I will," reiterates Clareman.

"Do you know that he is ill of a most malignant fever, which the chances are a thousand to one he will die of; and equally, the chances a thousand to one that you will catch and die of. Do you know that?"

Clareman knows that. Has heard the doctor already say so. He don't care. It is all one to him. Will mind him at any rate.

"What countryman are you?" the doctor asks with some expression of—not contempt, but—admiration in his eyes, as he turns around more fully to face the muddy, dishevelled creature before him.

"Countryman? I'm from Ireland," Clareman answers.

"What countryman is he?" nodding his head in the direction of the senseless form before him.

"From Ireland, too."

"Ah!" Doctor thinks he sees a clue to the offer of devotion now.

"How long have you known him?"

"Only through the march yesterday."

"I thought you were forbidden to speak marching."

"At dinner. At rest," Clareman explains.

"Ah!"

Doctor explains to the governor the good fortune of this offer.

A smith is brought in to strike off the chains of the fevered man, and he is carried away by some convicts to a cell in a remote wing of the building, from which all other convicts are quickly transferred. Following him, with his fetters also struck off, walks Clareman.

Meantime, the other convicts fall in and are locked two and two, as before, and prepare to march. The vessel will sail for Botany Bay to-morrow, and there is no time to be lost. They must go on board to-day.

Fever patient and his attendant, if one or both survive, can go by another vessel in a couple of months. Vessels sail with convicts pith pretty certain regularity. If they miss one now they will get another later on. That is if they live—of which doctor thinks there is very little chance.

These convict ships do sail with pretty certain regularity. There are as many convicts each quarter session in Ireland as would furnish a cargo for two or three.

For why?

If a man with a sick wife, or sick child, and having no other nourishment to offer, gets a loan of a neighbor's gun to shoot a hare on his neighbor's land, and is caught; is transported. If a man spears a salmon on the river at night—which salmon otherwise would never do good to human creature, but die and rot in the sea—and is caught, he is transported. If a starving man, with his wife and family down in the fever, perhaps, is tempted to take a lamb from the flock adjoining, to keep the flickering life in them, he is transported. He is more often hanged; but the laws having got a shade more merciful now, he is sometimes only transported for life.

Again if anyone is suspected to be—and suspected mainly because he has reason to be—a Ribbonman, he is transported. The slightest proof, or no proof at all, will suffice for that. If he is out late at night, he is arrested, transported. If he has a pitchfork in his house, one prong of which is broken by accident, he is transported for having arms. That he would be transported for having a fowling piece or blunderbus, goes without saying. And that they are so caught often, and so transported, anyone who knows the passionate fondness of the Irish people, particularly the young men, for fowling-pieces, will have no hesitation in believing. In fine (we are speaking of fifty years ago), if a man is arrested and brought before the assistant barrister at quarter sessions or the judge at assizes, and any charge whatever sworn against him, he is transported.

Sometimes, indeed, he is not. Sometimes ode of the jurymen makes interest with his fellows in favor of a man, for some reason or another—either that he is a neighbor to whom he is under obligation, or that he has been a servant of his, or a servant of some friend, or for one out of a thousand reasons—and the man is acquitted. For that, again, a juryman has a grudge against a prisoner, or against his friends, or he has been denounced to him by some friend of his (the juryman's), and he influences the others against him, and he is convicted. In neither case has the evidence a pin's weight. The acquittal or conviction depends upon the personal good or ill will of the jurymen.

And who were these jurors?

In nearly every case they were selected from the Cromwellian farmers spread over the country. We have one county in our mind's eye, in Leinster, in which the same class of men for years upon years, and their fathers before them, formed the only and sole jurors. Assizes after assizes found them in the jury-box. Coarse, ignorant men, whose private life were scandals to their humbler neighbors, and who availed themselves of the "cooria" as a reunion for good dinners, plenty of whisky, and foul stories. They all held their farms at low rents, so that they could afford to give ten or twenty or fifty days in each year as jurors. They were of that class of men of whom the yeomanry of '98 were formed—brutal and murderous where their foes were weak, but cowardly and sneaking where brave men opposed them. They lived on the fat of the land; and as "abundance of bread and idleness" led to the sin of Sodom, so over-feeding and idleness begot in these men's hearts passions of lust and murder, and changed them from the semblance of men into human beasts. The maledictions of men and the wrath of God have fallen upon them, and they have, notwithstanding their cheap farms, in great part, melted from out the land already.

It was no wonder therefore that Irish hearts and hearths were desolate, and that mourning often sat throned in many an humble Irish home. It was no wonder that time after time the white sails of the convict ship spread themselves above the Atlantic as they bore their freight of broken hearts and ruined lives to that dreaded Botany Bay—the marvel being that in that sorrowful and afflicted land of Ireland the people did not, crushed in every shape and direction as they were, lie down and die!

Oh! marvelous strength and hope and patience and perseverence of this Irish race! Oh! dauntless courage and abiding faith of you, dear sleepers beneath the sod of our Irish graveyards! who in the penal days of yore held so trustily and stoutly the Irish land for the Irish people!

The heavens be your bed, and the light of glory to your eyes!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

BORROWING TROUBLE.

Some Advice to People Who Have Grievances—A Green Christmas—Mental Scientists and the Influenza.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 6.—Advice for the new year:

"Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived."

This verse, translated from the French by Emerson, occurred to me as I closed the door this evening to my last caller. If, like the Irishman, my wit did not always "come afterwards," I should have made some use of the verse during the crucifixion of the day. The fact is, that for a week and over, almost every person I have met has had a grievance. In almost every case, too, the grievance has not been entirely of the present. It has been an expectation, a vision of evil to come. Diphtheria was not far off, therefore this mother's brood would not be likely to escape. The "Russian Sneezes" were on the block, and "my husband" who is very delicate and sure to get everything, will catch those, and if he does, it will end in pneumonia and death." I could fill one side of a daily newspaper with accounts of the growls I have listened to, and the groans which have come by mail.

I fear that I am beginning to feel the influence of all this moral or mental influenza, for I seem to be on the verge of borrowing trouble myself. I find that I hold my breath at the arrival of an express package, for fear there is a lamentation rolled up in it, and I am prone to cast my eyes suspiciously upon every telegram for the same reason, while the "Hello" of the telephone starts the midwinter perspiration in the expectation that it will begin to yell out that somebody expects to have something they don't want, or to ask me if I really believe that a "green Christmas will make a fat churchyard?" It will doubtless be difficult for many of my readers to credit the statement that there are folks in the world so weak and so cowardly and so superstitious as to be positively distressed because of this foolish old saw.

But it is true that much of my present irratability arises from the repetition of—"Do you believe that 'A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard?'" And I wish to say that if my friends hear of my incarceration in a lunatic asylum, it will be because the telephone at last took up the refrain, and drove me into what I may call a "green Christmas" idiocy. Will then, those of my acquaintances who pretend to care for me, be kind enough to make copies of the verse which heads this tearful communication, and send to their friends who are in trouble? This poem will be appropriate for any time or occasion—birthdays, wedding days, holidays; and nothing in the whole realm of poetic sentiment and common sense could be more suitable for Easter. Please do not think I am joking. I am in the deadest kind of earnest. Truly, much good could be accomplished by such a circulation of this verse.

No poem in the language has perhaps been so widely copied, both by the press and the pens of private individuals, for the purposes of consolation, as "The Little Fence of Trust," by one of the very sweetest of our American poets, Mrs. M. F. Butts.

As I earnestly desire a higher education in faith and trust, and, as I selfishly desire some help in combatting green Christmases and similar stupidity, I ask my friends to also do some missionary work in sending this true and beautiful and uplifting poem to those who need such help. If I add that the need is very great, do not be discouraged, for I will guarantee that it will pay. Here is the poem; get your pens and typewriters ready:

"Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving deeds,
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow,
God will help you bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow."

The epidemic influenza has at last arrived. The Mental Scientists declare that it is only "a thought," and need never have disturbed our serenity had it not been for the stupidity of doctors and newspapers in magnetizing people into the belief that they had got to have an imported cold in the head. Dr. Edson, of the New York board of health, laughs at this twaddle, and recommends all those whose noses commence to tickle, and eyes to water, and lips to parch, and back to freeze, to make a bolt for quinine; and my doctor, one of the best in the city, begs me to recommend the soft elastic capsules of quinine, prepared by Parke, Davis & Co. These capsules are two little cylinders of gelatine, each closed at one end. One of these cylinders is filled with quinine by the druggist, and the other, a little larger, caps it, completely protecting the quinine from the air. These can readily be obtained at any pharmacy. Take one every four or five hours. Do not take quinine in pills if you can help it. Solubility is everything in the use of quinine.

I am happy to say to those who have asked for the recipe for Honey Rolls that I have at last found it, and here it is. It was given me by one of the best cooks and housekeepers in Brooklyn:

Rub into one quart of flour that has been sifted twice, one half a cup of butter; add half a tea cup of strained honey, and warm milk enough to make a soft dough. Into this milk dissolve a Fleischmann's compressed yeast cake. Set to rise. When light, work in the whites of three eggs which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Let rise again. When very light, mould into round or oblong rolls, and when these are almost light enough to fly away, bake in a quick oven. The addition of salt is said to make these delicacies heavy. The chemistry of this fact—if it is a fact—is quite beyond my comprehension.

ELEANOR KIRK

The Chicago Hotel,

No. 156 South Clark street, near Madison, is centrally located, perfectly clean, and strictly respectable, situated over Brockway & McKee's celebrated restaurant, and yet you can get a room to yourself on the first floor for only 50 cents, baths free. Try it. P. S. CONDON, Manager.

A Midleton correspondent writes that at Youghal fair on Dec. 24, policemen in uniform and in plain clothes were actively engaged in shadowing respectable dealers known to be prominent Nationalists. John Slattery, president of the Cattle Trade Association, Cork; Daniel Moore, victualler, Midleton; Edmond O'Brien and Robert O'Brien, brothers of James O'Brien, Ponsonby campaigner; and other Nationalists, were followed everywhere.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257 647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to day.

GAELIC POETRY.

An Siogaidhe Romanach.

Air leanamhuin.—

"Cuid ós árd a b-páirt na h-Eirean,
A's iad do ghnáith faoi láimh 'g á thréigeann,
Cuid ag seasadh 'n aghaidh Sacsan de'n taobh 'muich,
A's iad 'n a dhiaidh sin leo faoi thóin méise.

"Buan mo mhallacht ag fearadh air an g-cléir sin,
A's air a g-cuaine go luan an t-sléibhe,
Luchd gan dílse croidhe d'á chéile,
Do rinne fásach do chlár Eibhir.

"Do chur suas de naisiúbh Gaodhalach',
Air ar thuit canntracht an Nuncio dhéigheanaich,
Eoin-Baiste Ard-easbog Fnéarma,
Aen-fhear áite an Phápa a' n-Eirinn.

"Ag so an chúis is cúis do m' dhéaraibh,
Ag so an cás do chiadh go léir mé,
A chuir folach air sholus na gréine,
Do chuir gruaim a's buaidhreadh air speuraibh.

"'S do chuir an Eoraip faoi cheodh éclips,
A's creideamh Chriost ar is faoi neuliaibh,
Mallacht go deoigh air phór na bh-faoi-chon,
Gidheadh, fós mo dhóich ní thréigfead

"Mairidh fós de phór Mhí ésius
An t-Aodh Buidhe che fhuigheall na Féinne.
Fear air ar thárngair fáigh nach[breugach,
A chuirfeas Gaill tré na chóile.

"Mairidh an ruaidh-fhear gruaidh-gheal Féidhlim,
A's Cornail Fearghail an gaisgeadhach euchtach,
A's Aodh O'Bruin le a d-tuitfeadh céada,
Mairidh Caomhánaich a's Tuathail laechda.

"Mairidh an chóip nach clódhadh a' n-aen chath,
Ruarcaich, Raghalaich a's Briana le chéile,
Síol g-Ceallaich ná'r bh-fann a' n-aen gholl,
Agus síol g-Conchobhair staireamhail, steudmhair.

"Agus síol g-Cárthaich nach n-deárnaidh cléi-beart,
Dál g-Cais na n-gniomh agus síol g-Oiinéide,
Sliocht Eireamhóin a's mor-shliocht Eibhir,
Agus Leath Mogha rogha na h-éigsi.

"A's Leath Coin mhóir le r' buadhadh ceud chath,
O Maoileachlainn an preabaire laechda.
O'Maelmhuaidh na ruathar n-dígin,
MacCochlán na g-caisleán n-glégheal.

"O Diomsaich an faoi-chú léimneach,
O Cearbhuaill trúpach ó dhúithche Eile,
O'Suilliobháin ó chlár Bhéara,
O'Mórdha, O'Flaían a's O'Doían-sléibhe.

[CRIOCHNUIGHTHE AIR AN T-SEACHTMHAIN SO CHUGAINN.]

NOTICE—During the winter months the Gaelic class will meet at 735 Canal street, up-stairs, every Sunday, from 3 to 5 p. m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Gothamites no Longer Sneer at "la Grippe"—Inauguration of the Social Season—A New Building to be Devoted to Art.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The old adage, "a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard," which people are accustomed to sneer at, is being verified in an alarming manner. The number of deaths in this city last week was double that of the corresponding period last year. Of 164 which occurred within twenty four hours, fifty-six were caused by pneumonia, twenty-four consumption and twenty by bronchitis. In a great number of cases the victim began with an attack of the grip, and graduated from it into one of the fatal forms of throat or lung trouble. In many other cases the European malady, seizing upon one who was already suffering from bronchial troubles or languishing in consumption, has hurried the victim to the grave. People who have sneered at the idea that New York was under siege from the Russian influenza or the French "la grippe," and insisted that people might be having colds in the head, but no "fancy disease," are growing more respectful and more careful. The fact is there is hardly a family in the city but has been attacked by it.

The holidays having passed, we have now plunged into the social season, which was inaugurated by the brilliant New Year's ball, at Metropolitan Opera House last Thursday night. This is one of the three great balls of the year, the others being the Charity ball, and the Patriarch's ball which comes off to morrow night. The New Year's ball was one of exceptional splendor. In order to make the participants feel that they were in a ball room rather than an opera house, the boxes were hidden behind the folds of the richest floral curtainings, and were not occupied at all. A great canopy of holly and other greens covered the entire auditorium on the level of the tops of the first tier of boxes, and there were raised platforms richly carpeted and furnished with sofas and divans all around the dancing surface. Over 1,500 guests were present, and the affair cost $15,000

A new building to cost $200,000 to be devoted to art, will soon be erected in this city by the American Fine Arts Society, an amalgamation of the Society of American Artists, the Architectural League of New York, the Art Students' League, Society of Painters in Pastel and the New York Art Guild. A life fellowship fund has been created to enable those interested in the progress of art in this country to identify themselves with this movement and become directly associated with the objects of the different societies. All contributors of $100 to this fund will be made life fellows of the American Fine Arts Society, and will receive certificates of life fellowship.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren st., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floroplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

A Letterkenny correspondent writes—I am enabled to state on reliable authority that, although Mr. Commissioner Cameron passed through here to Falcarragh Dec. 28, accompanied by a police escort, the expected Falcarragh clearances will not be commenced until the middle of January.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C. 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 8:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 125 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2934 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 652 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. B. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Aroner ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2038 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 39th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucuk Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 208 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 35 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarke st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 6, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Brennquest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 338 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 394 Ashland av.

St. Antheny of Padua—Corner of Mc-tregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Dobsl, pastor. Residence 439 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Ewing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 124 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathe, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 331 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m Rev. K. Kozlowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st

CYCLONE AT ST. LOUIS.

The City Swept by the Roaring Monster.

HOUSES AND CHURCHES WRECKED.

The Track of the Cyclone Was from the Southwest to the Northeast, a Distance of Ten Miles—Three People Killed Outright and a Large Number Injured—Roofs of Houses Torn Off and the Streets Littered with Debris.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 13.—At 4 o'clock Sunday a tremendous rainstorm, accompanied by loud bursts of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, struck the city. The wind had been blowing a gale all the afternoon, and rain had been falling in intermittent showers all day. Between 3 and 4 the wind increased in violence and the dense clouds shut out the light of day. All these indications were that a destructive cyclone was hovering over the city. Shortly after 4 o'clock the necessary conditions having been formed, a tremendous windstorm swept the city from the southwest to the northeast a distance of ten miles. The path of the cyclone was at no time over a quarter of a mile wide, and its destructiveness was in immense proportion to its area. Telegraph poles were cut down like reeds, and the tangled web of wires carried broadcast over the streets. One electric light wire struck an unfortunate man across the face and burned out both eyes in an instant. Windows and sign boards were destroyed by the thousands. The Harmonic club was a heavy sufferer, as every inch of plate glass on the Olive street front was shivered to atoms. The Second Presbyterian church, at Seventeenth street and Lucas avenue, two blocks southeast, had its spire blown off, the huge pyramid falling across the street and cutting off one wing of a residence as clearly as a butcher divides a bone.

The Fury of the Storm.

At Fourteenth and Morgan, five squares north, the German Evangelical church was completely demolished, and the street was blockaded by debris. But the greatest fury of the storm was visited upon the district lying eight squares north of this, in which territory an immense number of large factories, with the attendant surroundings of small and cheaply built dwellings of the laboring classes are included. Here, by the collapse of a residence, three people were killed outright and several injured. Telegraph wires, poles, brick, broken beams, roofs of houses and factories littered the streets and made travel impossible. In the lumber district great stacks of lumber were bodily blown into the river and floated down the stream. The steamboats in the river were severely damaged. When the excitement occasioned by the terrific sweep of the cyclone across the territory between Cass avenue, Lyle street, Broadway and Twelfth streets had abated to some extent, a search of the ruins was inaugurated for the dead and injured.

Sad End to a Party.

In the two-story brick house at 922 Mound street lived the families of Bernard O'Connell and John Conners. A children's party was in progress at 4 o'clock, and about a dozen children were present, celebrating the birthday of Miss Frances Conners, aged 6 years. All was happiness and gayety when the death-dealing cloud came down on the house and crushed it to the ground. Bernard O'Connell, aged 40; Mrs. Maggie Conners, aged 40, and John Weaver, aged 9, were killed. The following were taken out badly injured: Maggie Conners, aged 15; Annie Conners, 13; Frances Conners, 6; Teresa Weaver, 6. Mrs. O'Connell was carried off with the roof and taken out from underneath it. She was dangerously hurt.

Willie Marks, aged 6 years, whose parents reside in the northern section of the city, was in bed sick with a fever. The storm blew the roof off the Marks home and bricks came crashing into the room, resulting in the death of the boy from sheer fright. Bricks fell all around the sick boy's bed, and the wonder is that none of them struck him. He screamed for assistance, and his mother did her best to calm him, but to no avail. He continued to shriek and moan after the storm had passed, and an hour later expired. The expression on the dead boy's face is one of the most abject terror.

Rescued from the Ruins.

When the firemen completed the work of clearing the debris at 922 they were called to the southwest corner of Ninth and Mound streets, where they found the storm had wrecked the three-story brick building occupied by H. Hilsman, a baker and confectioner, and his family, consisting of the wife and several children. The roof had been lifted off and thrown with immense force against a three-story brick building on the northwest corner, badly wrecking that structure. Hilsman and his wife could not be found, and it was presumed that they were under the ruins. A search was made and Hilsman was found standing on a bed in one of the rooms upstairs. He was badly cut about the face and hands by the plaster and laths, and was badly scared. He was taking a nap when the storm struck the house, and was most rudely awakened.

Mrs. Hilsman's Experience.

His wife was found cut and lacerated at the bottom of the stairway. She was upstairs kindling a fire when she heard the rumbling noise; and, becoming frightened, ran to the stairway to get out of the building. She had descended but three steps when she was struck on the head by a falling rafter and thrown to the bottom of the stairs. She was cut and bruised from head to foot, and was literally covered with mortar and dust. Her skull was thought to be fractured.

Charles Miller, a teamster for Goetz & Kobbe, lives with his wife and family above the meat shop of William Muerschel at Twentieth and Eugenia. The entire rear of the house was blown away, the roof taken off, windows shattered and the rest of the house more or less damaged. Miller's wife, and her 1-year-old baby were badly injured in the wreck and only escaped with their lives by a miracle.

Had Narrow Escapes.

Frank Wilkins, living at 2016 Eugenia street, said: "The wind was a genuine cyclone. I have seen cyclones in Kansas and know what I am talking about. It was a revolving wind storm, lasting about five minutes, twisting off the corners of stone houses, tearing down factory chimneys and filling the air with whirling masses of brick and timber. The tin roof of a residence torn off by the cyclone was twisted in an almost compact mass, being dropped finally in the street not covering a space larger than a doorway. I was sitting in my room, which has a window facing to the southwest. I saw a sudden drop of clouds several blocks away in that direction, and in a moment could distinguish the wreck that was being made by the wind. As it neared my house the air looped white with the debris of roofs, chimneys, mortar, brick dust and other materials. It struck only a corner of the house, tearing off a portion of the roof and passed down toward the corner of Twentieth and Eugenia. Buildings were damaged and wrecked on all sides, and the entire neighborhood was panic-stricken for several minutes. The cyclone struck that quarter of the city just at 4:30 o'clock and lasted fully five minutes, during which time the terrified shrieks of women and children resounded on all sides."

The Streets Covered with Debris.

At 1408 Washington street the whole front of the house down to the first story was blown out and H. Gieselman and his family of eight persons had a most miraculous escape. With the exception of a slight injury to one of his daughters none of the family was touched by the falling walls. A sewing machine and dressing case were blown from the house into the middle of the street. Mr. Gieselman estimated his damages at $3,000. Numerous trees, fences and outbuildings were also blown down in the neighborhood.

An area of territory covering about ten blocks was covered with the debris of wrecked buildings. The houses are chiefly two-story bricks inhabited by workingmen, and that many more people were not killed outright was a matter of great wonder. Most of the people rushed into the streets when the roofs left their houses and were struck with flying bricks and timbers.

THE CYCLONE IN KENTUCKY.

Eleven People Killed and Fifty-Five Houses Destroyed at Clinton.

CAIRO, Ills., Jan. 13.—A tornado Sunday night struck the east side of the city of Clinton, Ky., demolishing fifty-five houses and killing eleven people and wounding fifty-three. The killed are as follows: J. A. Rhodes and two children, Mrs. William Bone, Burnett Bone, Walter Nance, John W. Gaddie and infant of Judge E. C. Hodges and one other not yet indentified. Assistance was sent from here Sunday night. The storm also visted Wickliffe, Ky., doing considerable damage to property, but there was no loss of life.

Severe Storm at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 13.—A terrible windstorm passed over this city about 6 o'clock Monday morning, doing considerable damage and prostrating the wires in every direction. Communication east and west was entirely cut off for a time, but it has again been established, although the telegraph service is badly crippled.

A Train Blown from the Track.

MONTREAL, Can., Jan. 13.—A terrible gale is blowing at St. Hilaire. The express on the Grand Trunk has been blown from the track and several passengers seriously injured. The cars caught fire and were destroyed.

A Storm Sweeps Mississippi.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Jan. 13.—A heavy windstorm damaged several buildings at Sardis, Miss. The storm was general throughout this region. Wires were prostrated, but no further damage is reported near here.

BIG BLAZE AT PEORIA.

Fire in the Monarch Distillery Results in a Loss of $161,500.

PEORIA, Ills., Jan. 13.—Fire broke out Sunday afternoon in the tower of the Monarch distillery and before it was gotten under control damage to the extent of $161,500 had been done. The tower and meal house were entirely consumed and the firemen bent all energies to prevent the spread of the flames to the bonded warehouse, which contained 200,000 barrels of whisky and highwines, and the cattle pens adjoining, where thousands of cattle were being fed. By hard work the fire was cut off from the warehouse and cattle pens, else the loss would have been far heavier.

Largest Distillery in the World.

The spirits stored in the warehouse were very valuable. Seven copper stills and two buildings, including engines valued at $115,000; grain worth $10,000; malt kilns, valued at $2,500; machinery valued at $4,000, and 100,000 gallons of untaxed high proof spirits valued at $15,000 were destroyed. The Monarch was the largest distillery in the world. Its daily capacity was 10,000 bushels of grain, but this month it had been running 5,000 bushels per day, or one-half capacity. It was almost a new house and cost $500,000.

Fire at Fort Madison, Iowa.

FORT MADISON, Iowa, Jan. 13.—The clothing and boot and shoe stores of J. G. Schwartz were burned out Sunday. The clothing stock it practically ruined and the shoe stock badly damaged. The stocks were valued at over $50,000. The building, which was the property of Joseph Troja, was not so seriously damaged. The merchandise and building were insured.

Funeral of Ex-Empress Augusta.

BERLIN, Jan. 11.—The weather Saturday was brilliant and great crowds of people were out to witness the funeral of the Dowager Empress Augusta. The Schloss chapel was filled with the dignitaries of the empire. Court Chaplain Koegel delivered an oration worthy of the occasion, the discourse being based upon Augusta's motto: "Be joyful in hope, patient in adversity, steadfast in prayer." He extolled the late empress for her fear of God, her devotion to duty, her charity, her sincerity and her love for her husband and for the fatherland.

Had Great Provocation.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Jan. 11.—Mrs. Bennet, the wife of a canalboat captain, who pleaded guilty in the county court of firing a shot at her husband, was arraigned for sentence Friday. Judge Lippincott said she had great provocation and suspended sentence. Mrs. Bennett is only 20 years old. She formerly lived in Buffalo. On Christmas night her husband accused her of infidelity, and she became so indignant that she got a revolver and fired a shot at him. Bennett was not hit but was badly scared.

Bold Highway Robbery.

CAIRO, Ills., Jan. 11.—A bold highway robbery was committed Friday morning near Olive Branch, about ten miles above this city. Two masked men stopped Frank Parker, a well-known citizen of the county, who was driving home from this city, and, threatening to kill him, made him give up $107 and two watches. Parker was driving leisurely along the highway in a buggy and the robbers came upon him suddenly in a lonely spot. No clew to the identity of the rogues is obtainable.

Governor Boies, of Iowa, Ill.

WATERLOO, Iowa, Jan. 13.—Governor Boies does not shake off the grippe and its resultant lung trouble as readily as his physicians expected. He is confined to his room, and probably will not be allowed to leave for the capital before Tuesday. The victims of influenza in Waterloo are more than 1,000.

Death of Miner T. Ames.

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.—Miner T. Ames, the well-known mine owner and operator, died Monday morning at 11 o'clock at his residence, 1811 Prairie avenue, of Bright's disease.

DRAWN DOWN TO DEATH

Terrible Caisson Accident at Louisville, Ky.

FOURTEEN WORKINGMEN DROWNED.

A Large Caisson Settles Down into the Bed of the Ohio River and Completely Fills with Sand and Water—Only Four of the Eighteen Men Employed at the Works Manage to Escape—What a Survivor Says.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 10.—The most appalling accident known here in many years occurred Thursday evening about 6 o'clock. It was nearly time for work to stop and workingmen were expected home by their families when the report spread rapidly that there was a wreck or crash of some kind at the new bridge now under construction between Louisville and Jeffersonville. A caisson had given way and the workmen employed in it had been drowned or crushed to death by stone and timbers. The caisson known as No. 1 was about 100 yards from the Kentucky shore. As the workmen of the pumping station were looking for the men in the caisson to put off in their boats, leaving work for the night, they suddenly saw the low, dark structure disappear in dashing white waves and heard, before they could realize what had happened, the roar of the furious maelstrom. A runner was dispatched to the life saving station and three skiffs were manned and pulled to the scene of the wreck.

Boats to the Rescue.

The site of the bridge is at the upper end of the city, just below Tow Head island. Within an hour from the disappearance of the caisson 3,000 people were on the shore and strained their eyes trying to see something of the wreckage. Dozens of boats were plying over the spot where the caisson had stood and lights danced to and fro with them, but there was no trace of the massive structure of stone and timber which had kept off the hungry river to promise any hope to the anguish-stricken mothers and wives who stood in the throng on the shore. The water rolled sullenly but smoothly down from the coffer-dam above the pumping barge below where the caisson had stood. It was soon known that only four of the eighteen men who were at work at that time had escaped. The bridge officials ordered the reporters off the pumping barge and made it as difficult as possible to get information.

A List of the Victims.

Corrected reports from the scene of the accident show the following list of killed: William E. Haynes, 40 years old, 214 Clay street, Louisville; John Knox, 28 years; James McAdams, 26 years, Hyde Park, Pa.; Frank Mahar, 23 years, native of New Jersey; Patrick Naylor, 27 years, Philadelphia; Thomas Ash, colored, 30 years, Henderson, Ky.; Monroe Bowling, colored, 34 years, Henderson, Ky.; Charles Chiles, colored, 30 years, Henderson, Ky.; Thomas Johnson, colored, 30 years, Henderson, Ky.; Joseph Gordon, colored, 25 years, Henderson, Ky.; Hamilton Morris, 30 years, Henderson, Ky.; Thomas Smith, 27 years, Henderson, Ky.; Frank Soaper, colored, 25 years, Henderson, Ky.; Robert Tyler, 16 years, Henderson, Ky. The men saved are all colored as follows: Abe Taylor, Lewis Coch, and Frank Haddix, all of Henderson, Ky.

Sucked into the Quicksand.

The last man out of the caisson was Frank Haddix. He was barely saved by Murray, who dragged him from where he was caught waist-deep in the quicksand. Taylor says he stood nearest the iron ladder by which they got in and out of the caisson. He heard a rumbling, and there was a rush of air almost at the same instant. He jumped up the rungs of the ladder, followed by the other men. They had hardly got clear of the caisson when the water burst through the manhole in a surge, knocking them all into the river, where they were picked up. Haddix says he saw Ham Morris, who was climbing next below himself, swiftly drawn under by the sand and heard his cries for help, but could do nothing.

Were Digging Too Deep.

John Knox, the gang boss, took charge of the work Monday. The negroes who escaped say he had them dig too deep before letting the caisson settle, and the digging was too close to the shoe of the caisson. Just before the accident Knox gave some order to Robert Baldwin, the keeper in charge of the upper door to the exit. Baldwin then opened this door and the compressed air which kept out the river rushed out, letting in the stream. The men say they were working in an ugly quicksand at the time. The caisson was about 40 feet by 20, and built of timbers twelve inches thick. It was protected by a coffer-dam, but the river is very high and the pressure of the water very great.

Three Bodies Recovered.

At 12:30 o'clock Friday morning the bodies of three of the unfortunate victims were recovered by the workmen. The positions showed that a desperate struggle had taken place at the narrow door of escape. One negro had succeeded in pulling his body through the aperture, but death had overtaken him just when life was promised. Another negro had partially crawled through. His hands were fastened by death in the clothing of the negro in front of him, showing that he had died in a desperate struggle to escape first. Between the two negroes was the body of a white man. It appeared from his position that he was endeavoring to push back some one who was clinging to his legs. The bodies of the negroes were recovered, but not identified. The sand accumulating at the door by the sudden sinking of the caisson had wedged the body of a white man in such a manner that it could not be removed at once.

Money for Public Buildings.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 10.—The senate committee on public buildings and grounds Friday agreed to report favorably bills providing for the following appropriations for public buildings: At Sioux City, Iowa, $500,000; Cedar Rapids, Iowa, $200,000; Beaver Falls, Pa., $50,000; Allegheny City, Pa., $25[illegible],000; Kansas City, $2,000,000; St. Paul, $1,500,000; Milwaukee (an increase from $1,200,000 to $2,000,000); and appropriations for San Diego and Oakland.

Club Men in a Quarrel.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—Two members of the Southern society quarreled in the club rooms Friday night over a game of cards. They went out on the street and one of the disputants shot twice at the other, who fled unhurt. It was learned that the men were W. H. Clark, a public works department attache, and Wilton Randolph, an insurance broker, but it could not be ascertained which of them did the shooting. No arrest was made.

King Alfonso's Condition.

MADRID, Jan. 11.—The condition of the king is more favorable. He slept at intervals during the night. He took a small quantity of soup.

JUDGE KELLEY DEAD.

Peaceful Ending of a Long and Eventful Career.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 10.—Judge William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, died here at 6:20 o'clock Thursday evening. At his bedside were Mrs. Kelley, his daughter, Mrs. F. O. Horstman, his sons, William D. Kelley, Jr., and A. B. Kelley, Dr. Stanton, his attending physician, and J. E. Weirick, his private secretary. His death was painless, and to the watchers at his bedside he seemed to have fallen into a deep and peaceful sleep. He was unconscious at the last, as he had been at intervals during the last two days. His remains will be buried at Laurel Hill cemetery, Philadelphia. The immediate cause of Judge Kelley's death was intestinal catarrh, brought on by a cold contracted during Christmas week.

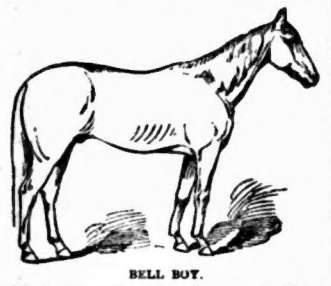
Sketch of His Life.

William Darragh Kelley was born in Philadelphia April 12, 1814. He was left without a father very young, and had few opportunities of eduction. He became apprenticed to a printer and afterward to a jeweler, but when 26 years old began the study of law, and, after admission to the bar, engaged largely in literary work. In 1845 he became state attorney general and soon afterwood judge of the common pleas. Until 1854 he was a Democrat and free trader, but since then he has been a Republican and an ardent protectionist. He has been in the house twenty-nine years and was known as the father of that body. For the last two sessions he has been in failing health.

A FAMOUS HORSE DEAD.

Bell Boy, the $51,000 Stallion, Perishes in a Fire.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 11.—A special dispatch to The Transcript, from Versailles, Ky., states that the stables belonging to Macy Bros. burned Saturday morning at 4



BELL BOY.

o'clock, destroying thirty-five out of thirty-eight horses. Among those burned was the horse Bell Boy, who had a record of 2:19¼ as a 3-year-old, and was sold here at auction by Jefferson & Seaman to J. Clarke for $51,000. It is said that Clarke has refused $100,000 for this horse.

SAVED THE MAIL SACKS.

How a Stage Driver Got Away from a Couple of Bandits.

AUSTIN, Tex., Jan. 10.—Two masked robbers held up the San Marco stage Thursday night thirteen miles from Bianco. Both of the bandits were on foot, and one covered the driver with a revolver while his companion proceeded to do business with the passengers. The driver was forced to hand over a small amount of money which he had on his person and then the robber took a gold watch and some money from one passenger. The robber who had his pistol on the driver turned his head for a moment, when the driver suddenly lashed his horses and at the same moment pulled his pistol and began firing. A regular pistol duel followed. Two bullets struck the driver's clothes, but he was soon out of range. He believes he hit one of the robbers. Just before the shooting one robber had ordered the driver to hand out the mail sacks. The shooting saved the mails. A purse will be given to that driver.

An Elderly Man's Suicide.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 10.—As a crowd from the 11 o'clock Central train was passing over the Central avenue bridge Thursday morning, an elderly man, well dressed and wearing glasses, stepped out of the line, and, leaping over the iron railing, fell into the river below. The Genesee is unusually high, and the swift current quickly carried the man over the falls, 100 yards below the bridge. The body has not yet been recovered and probably never will be, as it must have been carried over the Genesee falls and then to Lake Ontario.

Terrible Accident at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 10.—A terrible accident occurred at Carnegie's Lucy furnace Friday. Furnaces Nos. 1 and 2 have been out of blast several days undergoing repairs. They were fired up Friday morning. At noon, furnace No. 1 fell in. So far as is known at this writing Michael Welsh, whose family resides on Forty eighth street, was the only man killed outright. He was burned to a crisp. The coroner reports that five of the injured were fatally burned and a number seriously.

Skipped with the Cash.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—It is stated that Benjamin F. Hoyt, manager for the extensive custom house brokerage and forwarding firm of George W. Sheldon & Co., of this city, is a defaulter, together with his assistant, George Parker, to the extent of $12,000, and that both Hoyt and Parker have disappeared and are probably in Canada. Mr. Hoyt was a very widely known and popular young business man.

New York's Death Roll.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—The death roll for the twenty-four hours ending at noon Friday numbered 202, a decrease of five from that of Thursday. Of the deaths Friday 56 were due to pneumonia, 21 to bronchitis, 30 to consumption, 1 to influenza directly—a woman 24 years old—and 19 in which influenza was complicated with other diseases.

Cold Weather in Maine.

CALAIS, Me., Jan. 10.—The thermometer ranged from 22 to 27 degrees below zero throughout Washington county Friday morning with a gale of wind blowing. At Calais at 7 o'clock Friday morning it was 25 degrees below; at Princeton, 22; at Milltown, 27; at Houlton, 30; at Fort Fairfield, 32; and at Caribou, 31 below.

Pitiable Case in Ontario.

OTTAWA, Ont., Jan. 10.—Five children and their mother died with diphtheria recently in the Upper Lievre lumber district without medical assistance. Only the father was left and he alone had to dig the graves and make the coffins for their burial.

A Heavy Defalcation.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—A letter to The Times from Havana says the defalcation in the treasury office amounts to $700,000 instead of $250,000, as at first reported. A number of prominent officials are implicated in the affair.

"THE KING'S TOUCH" SUPERSTITION.

In England, two centuries ago, popular superstition credited the "Royal Touch" with curing scrofula; and although for scoffing at the idea in 1691 the King was declared to be an "infidel," even his "faithless" touch was credited with a cure. These superstitious practices have now become obsolete, and in their place we have a scientific remedy in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which eliminates the impurities from the blood by the natural channels, thereby cleansing the system of all taints and impurities from whatever cause arising. It is truly a royal remedy, world-famed and *guaranteed* to benefit or cure in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. The only blood-purifier ever so *guaranteed* and sold by druggists. As a regulator of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all bilious attacks, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhea and kindred ailments. For all derangements caused by malaria, as Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, and Bilious Fever, it is specific. As an alterative or blood-purifier, it manifests its marvelous properties in the cure of the worst Skin and Scalp Diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, and Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, as well as Lung-scrofula, commonly known as Pulmonary Consumption, if taken in time and given a fair trial. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturers of **DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY**, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50c., by druggists.

WRECKED THE BUILDING

Terrific Explosion in the Heart of Chicago.

NO ONE KILLED BUT SEVERAL HURT.

The Employes of the John Morris Printing and Stationery Company Thrown into a Panic by the Explosion of the Boiler—People on the Streets Also Badly Frightened—Most of the Victims Were Cut by Flying Glass.

CHICAGO, Jan. 11.—A boiler explosion, which occurred in the rear basement of the John Morris Printing and Stationery company's five-story brick building at 118 and 120 Monroe street at 4:12 o'clock Friday afternoon, caused a loss of between $80,000 and $85,000 and injured the following persons: George Berges, teamster of the John Morris company, seriously, perhaps fatally; Charles Wilson, the engineer, badly scalded; W. J. Hartman, superintendent, cut on head by flying glass; H. A. Van Derslice, cut on face and neck by flying glass; Herman Swanson, cut by flying glass; A. C. Balch, also cut about face and head by flying glass; Robert Murphy, cut by flying glass; J. H. Smith, contusions on face and head; Miss May Herroll, severely cut about the head; Frank Caprani, injured by flying glass; Gerhardt Grippe, cut, not badly; Miss B. Myer, hurt by jumping from second-story window.

The Explosion.

At the exact moment that the shock was felt there were fortunately few people walking on Monroe street past the building. A Lincoln avenue grip-car had just rounded the corner on Dearborn street and a Wells street car had stopped at Clark to take in a couple of passengers. Suddenly a dull, muffled sound like the distant booming of a big cannon was heard. The few pedestrians then crossing Monroe street, and others pushing their way on Clark and adjacent streets, were all at once lifted from their feet to be immediately dropped again. The ground seemed to rise as a wave and then settle down. Then almost simultaneously with the shock a noise like the rapid discharge of musketry or the fall of heavy hailstones was heard. The entire glass front of the John Morris Printing and Stationery company's building had been shattered to pieces, and a shower of broken glass was falling all over Monroe street. At the same time Clark street, near the alley, was similarly deluged with a glass shower.

A Scramble for Safety.

People stopped, frightened; teams were brought to a stand-still, and teamsters, gripmen, and car-drivers looked on in blank amazement—petrified-like—unable to move. Then the reaction came, and there was a mighty scramble for places of safety. For fully a half-minute nothing was done. Then, as suddenly as the explosion itself, a realization of what had happened became apparent. A scene of intense excitement resulted. The windows of offices adjoining the wrecked building flew open and anxious faces looked out. Monroe street in front of the building was littered with the pieces of broken glass. The cable car that had stopped at the corner of Clark was started again and went crunching through the broken glass. Hundreds of people were rushing from all directions to the wrecked building.

Young Girls in a Panic.

Inside the building, on each of the four upper floors, the 400 and odd employes, half paralyzed by fear, were crowding about the windows. Most of them were young girls, gesticulating wildly and making frantic efforts to get at the fire escapes. They appeared to have lost all self-control and looked terror stricken. Several times three or four of them were on the point of leaping from the windows. They only realized that a calamity had happened inside and their anxiety was simply to get out. Two or three sensible-minded persons in the street shouted back to them words of encouragement:

"Don't jump; it was only an explosion; all danger is over."

The Cashier's Wild Leap.

The fire department, which had been called in the meanwhile, was on the grounds by this time, Chief Swenie coming himself in person to superintend the work. A ladder was thrown against the fire escape and half a dozen of the firemen hastily ascended it. Then the frightened girls were turned away from the windows and all came down-stairs uninjured except Miss A. Myer, the cashier. She was on the second floor at the time of the explosion. Panic-stricken by fright she rushed to one of the windows and jumped down into the light-well between the Morris building and Rector's restaurant. Fortunately she was caught by Mr. Rector and her fall thereby was considerably lightened. Her injuries are not serious. As the other girls came down from the upper floors they gathered in little groups on the sidewalk. Half of them were sobbing aloud though not hurt in the least. Most of them were still shivering from the fearful fright. They eagerly discussed the explosion and anxiously inquired about missing comrades.

Resignation of Recorder Trotter.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 11.—The resignation of Mr. Trotter, the colored recorder of deeds for the district, has been received at the White House, upon a request made by the president. It is supposed a new appointment will be made shortly. An inquiry made by Senator Ingalls has developed the fact that the office has paid $40,000 in fees during Mr. Trotter's incumbency of two years and ten months. A bill is pending in congress to make the position a salaried one.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.

On the board of trade to-day quotations ranged as follows: Wheat—No. 2 January, opened ——, closed 77c; February, opened and closed 78¾c; May, opened and closed 82c. Corn—No. 2 January, opened 28¾c, closed 29c; February, opened 29¾-¾c, closed 29¼c; May, opened 31¾c, closed 31⅞c. Oats—No. 2 January, opened 20¾c, closed 20¼c; February, opened and closed 23⅛c. May, opened, 22-¼c, closed 23⅛c. Pork—January, opened ——, closed $9.50. February, opened $9.50, closed $9.52½; May, opened ——, closed $9.80. Lard—January, opened $5.77½c, closed $5.80.

Live stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards: Hogs—Market opened active and firm, prices 5@10c higher; light grades, $3.55@3.80; rough packing, $3.55@3.60; mixed lots, $3.60@3.8 ; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.65@3.80. Cattle—Slow; bids 10c lowe ; beeves, $3.00@5.0 ; bulk, $3.80@4.50; cows, $ .00@2. 0; extreme range, $1.40@3.00; stockers and feeders, $2.30@3.15. Sheep—Strong; 5@10c higher; muttons, $3.50@5.40; stockers, $3.40@4.20; lambs, $5.00@6.25.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 26@27c ₩ lb; finest dairy, 18@20c, packing stock, 7@9c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 17@17½c ₩ doz.; ice house, 14@16c. Live poultry—Hens, 7@8c ₩ lb; turkeys, 9@10; ducks, 9@10; geese, $4.50@5.00 ₩ doz. Potatoes—Beauty of Hebron, 35@40c ₩ bu. on track; common and mixed lots, 25@30c. Apples—Good to fancy, $1.25@2.50 ₩ bbl. Cranberries—Wisconsin, $8.65@8.75 per box.

New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.

Live Stock: Cattle—Dull and lower; native steers, $3.5 @5.20 ₩ 100 lbs; bulls and dry cows, $1.75@3.25. Sheep and lambs—Dull and lower for lambs; firm for sheep in the morning, but easier before the finish; sheep, $4.00@5.5 ₩ 100 lbs; lambs, $5.50@7.40. Hogs—Dull and nominal; live hogs, $3.70@4.00 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 18, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Stuart Robson.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—Charles Wyndham.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Wilson Barrett.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Herr Ernst Possart.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union —"The Suspect."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Nellie McHenry.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison. — "A Bag Baby."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE.
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

DEATH OF WALKER BLAINE.

The sudden death of Mr. Walker Blaine's eldest son of the Secretary of State, which occurred at Washington, D. C., on Wednesday evening, has shocked and startled the country. Nobody anticipated when the telegrams announced a few days previously that the young gentleman was down with influenza a fatal termination of the attack. Even his kindred, gathered around his sick bed, were hopeful up to the very last moment. The disease which first attacked him developed into pneumonia of the most malignant type, but he passed painlessly away, bravely resigned to his early doom. The shock to his family and friends is terrible. The Secretary of State has lost in him the most loving and beloved of sons. His devotion to his father was always remarked by those who came in contact with both. All through the arduous presidential campaign of 1884, Walker Blaine was the faithful companion of his distinguished father. He attended to every detail and saved Mr. Blaine, Sr., a world of worry and trouble. Walker Blaine displayed admirable tact in dealing with the class of bores who make the lives of public men miserable. He knew how to take them in hand, and, if necessary, get rid of them without giving offense. He displayed the same affectionate zeal for the interests and personal comfort of his father throughout the campaign of 1888, and, in fact, he left nothing undone, at all times and under all circumstances, to shew the deep filial love he felt for the Secretary of State. The loss of such a son is the deepest affliction that can fall upon a parent.

Mr. Walker Blaine was a native of Augusta, Me., where he was born May 8, 1855. He graduated from Yale College in 1876, and from the Columbia Law School, New York, in 1878. He then went to St. Paul, Minn., and practised law for two years in the office of the Hon. Cushman K Davis, at present one of the senators from Minnesota. He came to Washington in 1881 and received the appointment of third assistant secretary of state. He was one of the special commissioners appointed in 1881 2 to negotiate a settlement between Chili and Peru, and visited South America for that purpose. Subsequently he was charge d'affaires in Bolivia for several months. In the fall of 1882 he was appointed assistant counsel of the court of Alabama claims, and held that office for three years. He lived in Chicago from 1886 to 1888, and was appointed examiner of claims in the state department by President Harrison last March. In that capacity he was counsel for the state department and the confidential representative of the secretary. The Senate conferred upon him the distinguished honor of unanimously confirming his nomination without reference to the usual committee.

The early death of Walker Blaine has deprived America of the services of a young statesman whose promise of future usefulness was brilliant. He did not possess that high degree of forceful eloquence which has made his father so celebrated, but he had the genius of statecraft strongly developed in one so young. He was fit to represent the interests of this government at any court in the world. His fine education, suave manners—natural to the Blaine family—and tireless energy made him an invaluable public servant. The good and manly qualities of his fine nature made him beloved by all who had the pleasure of knowing him, and he goes to his early grave followed by the regrets of millions who lament him because of his own merits, which, indeed, although placed in strong contrast with the brilliant characteristics of his sire, were strong enough of themselves to win him a place in the heart of the American nation.

THE TIPPERARY EVICTIONS.

Through all the desolation of the situation in Tipperary one star of hope shines brightly. It is the unselfish spirit of brotherhood which impelled the burghers of the brave old town to take the side, at the cost of perhaps total ruin to themselves, of their suffering fellow-tenants in the county of Cork. Smith Barry, with his crowbar brigade, his big syndicate, his hundreds of thousands of the late Post's New York-gathered dollars, and all the backing of English law behind him, amid his devil's glee at the destruction he has wrought, has had time by this, perhaps, to suspect that the feelings he has roused and set in operation may yet prove too much for him. Tipperary town is almost a total wreck at the hands of his minions—every second shop closed and empty, with smashed doors and windows, and signs of ruin everywhere in the once flourishing place—but it is doubtful whether even with such tangible evidence of his vengeance to gloat over he has sung his Christmas "Te Deum" with an entirely care-free heart. Evicting old tenants was well enough and satisfactory enough, but rents are precious and necessary, and who will take his dismantled Tipperary shops off his hands? Certainly the dispossessed traders, who already are bravely setting up accommodations for themselves and their business outside the town, and are being sustained by the active sympathy of the people will not return to their old holdings under present circumstances, and strangers are apt to keep clear from the wasp nests of the premier county. Fired with the example of the Tipperary men, the Smith Barry tenantry of Cashel have also determined to stand by the Ponsonby victims, and in anticipation of their landlord's evicting machinery were at last mail quietly removing all their effects to places of safety. So that taken altogether the husband of the late Widow Post has reason to feel a little blue at the beginning of this "Happy New Year." But the Irish people with fresh stores of courage and fortitude in their hearts, with much of the selfishness that undoubtedly marred the present movement in its earlier stages fading away in the larger views and aims that their struggles have educated them to, stand undismayed on the threshold of 1890. They have the world's sympathy at their back, for their cause is Right itself; and they can feel that the malignity of Smith Barry and of those of his ilk are but the dying throes of a doomed institution.

THE PROBATE COURT VACANCY.

Several prominent Chicago lawyers have been mentioned for appointment to the probate judgeship, made vacant by the lamented death of the late Hon. J. C. Knickerbocker. Among the names suggested to Gov. Fifer is that of Mr. Julius Rosenthal. He is among the most learned and able of the lawyers of this city, and, although a lifelong and faithful Republican, has never had any recognition from the party he has served so well. It would be a graceful act on the part of the governor to appoint Mr. Rosenthal to the vacant judgeship, and assuredly no member of the legal profession of this city could more ably discharge the duties of the position or reflect more honor upon it.

MICHAEL C. HENNEBERRY.

The Chicago daily press has lost one of its most popular members and the community one of its most respected citizens, in the unexpected death of Mr. Michael C. Henneberry, commercial edstor of the Chicago *Times* which occurred at his residence, No. 69 Hamilton avenue, on Friday of last week. Mr. Henneberry was born in this city 43 years ago, and received a good early education. He was always of an independent turn of mind, and resolved to hew out his own pathway in the rugged journey of the world while yet a mere stripling. He became connected with the business department of the *Times* in 1863, and soon, by his diligence and ability, attracted the attention of the late W. F. Storey, who speedily promoted him to the highly important position of commercial editor, a position that he maintained during twenty years with credit to himself as well as to the journal which he represented. No man was better known, or more respected, on the Chicago Board of Trade than Michael C. Henneberry. No man had a keener insight into commercial affairs or a truer knowledge of all the vicissitudes of the market. He was never "scooped" on any important piece of news, and the reports of the transactions on the Board of Trade in the columns of his newspaper department were always models of accuracy. He was justly ranked among the first commercial writers of the United States.

Mr. Henneberry was, in person, tall, well built and distinguished looking. He had handsome features, and the premature gray in his hair and beard gave him an appearance of age which the freshness of his face contradicted. His manners were singularly agreeable, and truly reflected the amiable and affectionate disposition for which he was remarkable. While firm in his opinions, he was never harsh in his arguments, and no man knew better how to deal with the journalistic peculiarities of that most exacting of commanders, the late Mr. Storey. The latter always looked upon Mr. Henneberry as a model journalist.

Mr. Henneberry was beloved by all his associates of the press, and by all who had knowledge of his manly character and fine qualities. His immediate family idolized him, mother, wife, sisters, brothers and children. They have lost in him the light of their family circle, and the tears they shed above his bier were those of an affliction the deepest that human nature can feel.

The cause of Mr. Henneberry's death was influenza, aggravated by pneumonia. His health for two years preceding his decease had not been up to the normal standard, but nobody considered him a sickly man. The end was tranquil, as became his exemplary life, and he passed away, surrounded by his sorrowing family, consoled by the sacraments of that holy church in whose doctrines he was so profound a believer.

The funeral occurred on Sunday morning, from the residence to St. Jarlath's church, and was very largely attended. The *Times* office sent a superb floral offering, emblematic of the faithful and efficient services of Mr. Henneberry, and bearing the figures—1863-1890—and the word "Finis," worked in immortelles, across its face. The other floral tributes, from his family and friends, were exquisite.

The pall bearers, Messrs. M. J. Russell and W. F Foote, of the *Times*; Elias Colbert, of the *Tribune*; John F. Walsh, John Brennock and John F. Finerty, were life long friends of Mr. Henneberry, and most of them had been associated with him in the journalistic profession.

The services for the dead, at St. Jarlath's, were conducted by the Rev. F. S. Henneberry, brother of the deceased, assisted by the Rev. Father Dorney and several other clergymen.

At their conclusion, the remains were reconveyed to the hearse, and a long line of carriages escorted the honored relics to Calvary cemetery, where they were placed in the receiving vault.

Among those present at the obsequies were noticed several members of the Board of Trade; Mr. William Hyde, of the *Times*; Mr. Downey, of the press; Mr. Milo Snowden, of the department of Public Works; Mr. Bernard Curtis, Mr. J. McMullen, Messrs. William P. and T. Henneberry, brothers of the deceased; Mr. H. Young, Mr. Donahoe, of Donahoe & Henneberry, Mr. D. F. Bremner and family; Mr. John Long, Mrs. B Bremner, Miss Belle Bremner, Mr James Bremner, Mr. Clancy, Mr. and Mrs. Brennock, the Misses Brennock, Miss S. V. Hennessy, Miss Helen Brown, the Messrs T. J. and M. Murphy; Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Brennan, the Misses Brennan, Mr. W. H. Joyce; M. W. O'Brien; Mr. T. O'Brien and many others.

MESSRS. CLARK AND MAMER.

The President has sent to the Senate the name of Mr. John M. Clark, a prominent business man of this city, for Collector of the Port, and that of the Hon. Christopher Mamer, for Collector of Internal Revenue. Mr. Clark is better known in commerce than in politics. He ran for Mayor against Carter Harrison several years ago, and, although he made a very gallant fight, was defeated. He is a man of the highest personal character and is credited with broad and liberal views. Senator Mamer is one of the best and most favorably known public men in Illinois, and his nomination cannot fail to give general satisfaction. He is an honest, straightforward man, a strong partisan and a believer in political justice. THE CITIZEN most heartily congratulates Senator Mamer on his good fortune. It also wishes Mr. Clark bon voyage. The Senate will, no doubt, soon confirm both nominations.

THE CRONIN PRISONERS.

Judge McConnell having refused a new trial to Daniel Coughlin, Martin Bourke and Patrick O'Sullivan, lately convicted of the murder of Dr. Cronin, the three prisoners were sent down to the Joliet penitentiary on Monday evening. They showed remarkable firmness. When asked what they had to say before sentenced was passed Coughlin responded: "Your honor, I am innocent. I have been convicted by perjury." O'Sullivan, in a clear voice, said "If your honor please, I have not much to say, but what I have to say is this: I have to protest my innocence before God and man, and I think the day is not far distant when I shall be acquitted of this crime. I was convicted by prejudice, by perjury, by newspaper report and by popular clamor. I want it understood that I am not pleading for mercy, neither do I plead for sympathy. I am pleading for justice, and justice I have not had. If I am a guilty man, the state has not had justice, and if I am innocent I have not had justice. That is all I have to say." O'Sullivan's remarks made a profound impression on all who heard them. Bourke, when questioned, simply said, "I am innocent, your honor. I always knew that in England they put perjured witnesses on the stand, but I never thought it was done in America." The prisoners were then removed under escort. The Judge granted Kunze a new trial. His reasons therefor are given elsewhere. Coughlin has been put to work in the penitentiary stone yard, Bourke in the cooper shop and O'Sullivan in the boot and shoe department. Counsel for the prisoners will appeal to the supreme court.

CATHOLIC SOUVENIR.

Mr. William H. Hughes, proprietor and editor of the *Michigan Catholic*, has just published a beautiful souvenir volume, bound in cloth and gold, of the proceedings of the centennial celebration of the Catholic Congress at Baltimore. The work is elegantly illustrated and beautifully printed. It is as handsome a volume as has been sent out from the press in many a day, and is of peculiar interest to all Catholics resident of the United States. The agent for this city is Mr. John H Burke, of the *Catholic Home*. Price $2 50; postage prepaid.

THE PONSONBY ESTATE.

The tenants on the Ponsonby estate who have hitherto been left undisturbed were, at last accounts, expecting eviction toward the end of the present month. The good Canon Keller, who has so identified himself with his people, is not waiting passively for the event however. He stated at a recent meeting in Youghal that arrangements were already in progress for the shelter and comfort of those who would probably be evicted. Ample funds were on hand for the purpose. The people would be kept as near their holdings as possible so as to have an eye to the proceedings on them. And altogether, though some difficulties in obtaining cottage sites from the landlords of the vicinity were anticipated, still the outlook was not at all disheartening. The countenance given their cause by the people of Tipperary has given great support to the Ponsonby tenants.

THE Irish Nationalists of Chicago will hold their usual entertainment at Central Music Hall on the evening of March 4, Robert Emmet's day. Speakers have been secured and a fine programme will be presented.

THE GULF STREAM.

Its Influence on the Physical and Mental Characteristics of Mankind.

[*Nature, Dec 26, '89*]

The climate of the western coasts of Europe is the most remarkable that is to be found anywhere on the surface of the globe. The theory of the gulf stream is the one by which the exceptionally mild climate of the European coast as far north as the 70th degree of latitude is generally explained. That the gulf stream is one of the causes of the almost perpetual greenness of Ireland, and of the absence of ice in the harbors of Norway, there can be very little doubt. But the gulf stream can hardly be accepted as the sole cause. There must be other things that act with it. The prevailing winds are factors which aid in giving the western coasts of Europe their remarkably mild climate. But even the gulf stream and the prevailing westerly winds seem hardly enough to account for the remarkable fact that there are harbors on the coast of Norway, almost within the Arctic circle, which are open for shipping all the year round. There are probably many other things which cause the extraordinary climate of Western Europe that are yet unknown, and which scientific research will probably some day discover.

We may search the world over and no climatic phenomenon so strange as the mild climate of the coast lands in high latitudes in Western Europe occurs in any other part of it. The Antarctic regions show nothing at all like it. They are generally milder at the same distance from the equator than lands in the Northern Hemisphere; but no such extreme mildness of climate as exists on the west coast of Europe can be found in the same latitudes south. The absence of land in the extreme Antarctic regions makes it somewhat difficult to draw a comparison between high latitudes in the Arctic and Antarctic circles. Terra del Fuego, the extreme southern point of South America, extends only to latitude 54 degrees south. Its climate is not as cold as that of lands situated in a corresponding latitude north, on the eastern or western shores of the Pacific, but is much colder than in corresponding latitudes on the western shores of the Atlantic.

The almost unceasing west and southwest winds that prevail on the western coasts of Europe seem factors even more potent than the gulf stream in causing the mild climate of the British Isles—of Ireland especially. The influence of the gulf stream and the westerly winds is felt for a considerable distance inland, but at three or four hundred miles from the sea their effect is hardly perceptible. In the centre of Europe the climate corresponds in a remarkable degree with that found in the same latitudes in America. The winters, even in southern Russia, are very severe, and the summers very hot. The Crimea and Pennsylvania are nearly in the same latitude, and have very nearly similar climates. The climate of the Crimea seems to have been wholly unknown to people in France and England previous to the siege of Sebastopol in 1854-5, and their inexcusable ignorance cost them many thousands of lives, for no proper provision was made for protecting the soldiers from the rigors of the climate, and consequently multitudes of them perished from cold. If we go still further east—to India, China and Siberia—we will find that the climate corresponds in a remarkable manner with that of countries in the same parallels of latitude on this continent. From north latitude 38 to 60 degrees, in eastern Asia, the rule is rigorous winters and hot summers. George Kennan's recent articles about Siberia in the *Century Magazine* shows the torrid heat of that country during its few weeks of summer. Siberia and Labrador seem to have very nearly similar climates in the same latitudes in both countries.

When people from Great Britain and Ireland say, as they so often do, that America possesses an extraordinary climate, they make a great mistake, for the climate of this country is almost exactly the same as that of most other countries in the same latitudes. America may be said to have a normal climate. It is the climate of Great Britain and Ireland, especially the latter, that is abnormal, and that causes their inhabitants to think that the climates of most other countries are strange.

It may not be generally thought that climatic peculiarities have much to do with politics. In some cases they certainly have. It is climate more perhaps than anything else that has made the British Empire one of the most powerful in the world, and that has caused the English language to be spoken by more people at present than any other language, Chinese alone excepted. It is impossible to conceive a British Empire, such as it is to day, with Great Britain and Ireland possessing a normal climate—that is to say, the climate of other countries situated at the same distance from the equator, which would be the climate of Labrador, or the countries bordering on Hudson Bay. London could never have four millions of people and be wrapped in ice and snow for six months every winter. Not only has the extraordinary climate of Great Britain and Ireland added to the fertility of the soil of those countries, and made it more easy to carry on all kinds of commercial and manufacturing pursuits in them, but it has also contributed to make their inhabitants mentally and physically more active than people born in lands where the extremes of cold and heat interfere with their well being. The United States have been largely benefitted by the peculiar climate of those countries generally known as the British Isles, for fully 75 per cent of the white race north of the Rio Grande came of either British or Irish stock. Almost all the remarkable men that have appeared in this country since the Revolution were descendants of British or Irish ancestors, in spite of the fact of the large element that exists among us whose ancestry was derived from people who were neither British nor Irish. Blood will tell in men as well as in the lower animals. The American roll of honor may be searched from Washington's time to the present hour and it will be found that the ancestors of almost every person whose name figures in it came from either of those islands that have given so many great men to the world. "Ocean ozone" is no myth, and the lands that get the most of it seem to be those which give the world not only its best workers but its best thinkers. It is also a curious fact that the countries which get most "ocean ozone" have given America the most people; Ireland, Scotland and Wales have given more people to America than England has.

The almost eternal storms that sweep the western coasts of Europe, particularly of Ireland and Scotland, would seem phenomenal to one raised on this side of the Atlantic, or on the coast of any sea save the one that bounds the western shores of Great Britain and Ireland. Every wind but a west, southwest or northwest one is there a rarity. For months together those rock bound shores are swept by continual storms that beat on them with such a force as can be seen nowhere else on earth. The whole western coast of Ireland, Scotland and Norway may be said to be a barrier of rock, except where the ever restless sea has found some level place where it has thrust its sinuous arms far inland, forming lochs and fiords of unparalleled beauty. Of all the countries subjected to this unceasing war of the sea with the land, Ireland, being furthest out in the Atlantic, has suffered most. Recent research as shown that more than half of that island has been overwhelmed—swallowed up by the insatiable ocean. For 200 or 300 miles southwest from the Irish coast the sea is comparatively shallow, not averaging more than 200 fathoms in depth. The depth then suddenly increases to 2,000 fathoms, and this now submarine mountain was once evidently the limits of the land. But in course of time the whole flat country extending from the ancient western boundary to the present one was gradually engulfed in the ever encroaching sea. The fact about the submergence, or rather swallowing up by the sea, of a large part of Ireland was fully proved, some twenty four years ago, when the first Atlantic cable was laid.

It would seem, then, that the principal factor in causing the extraordinary mild climate of the western European coasts almost to the Arctic circle is the wind. Winds that blow over vast expanses of unfrozen water, no matter from what direction they come, are never cold. No hard, continuous frost ever takes place on the eastern shores of this continent when the wind is from the sea. It seems reasonable to suppose that, if the gulf stream were to change its course, the climate of the western coasts of Europe would remain nearly what it is, provided that west and southwest winds continued to prevail.

T. O. RUSSELL.

THREE TO ONE.

Judge McConnell Decides that Coughlin Bourke and O'Sullivan Shall go to Joliet—Kunze Gets a New Trial.

Following is the gist of Judge McConnell's decision on the motion for a new trial, made by Messrs. Forrest and Donahoe on behalf of the Cronin prisoners:

I think it would be perhaps mere pretense on my part to take any further time to deliberate upon this matter.

A court cannot lay its hands on a verdict where it believes there has been a sufficiency of evidence. He is not called upon to say whether under the same circumstances he would have found a verdict of the same character or not. He simply must concur in a verdict or set it aside, and the only test upon which he can act is whether he thinks the jury acted from prejudice or rashly or without any evidence.

In this case I have come to the conclusion that the jury as to four of these defendants acted upon sufficient evidence. As to the defendant John Kunze I am going to give him a new trial. The only evidence in the case against him is the evidence of young James, who saw him from the Opera House Block sitting for a moment or so at No. 117 South Clark street in his underclothes washing his feet. He never saw him before; he never saw him afterwards until he saw him in jail. It is sufficient to say that the court does not believe that James had an opportunity of recognizing Kunze. He might have been led by a little vanity because of the notoriety of a case of this kind to add some sort of importance to his testimony; but that he had no opportunity to recognize the young man at No. 117 South Clark street I am certain. The next time that Kunze is seen to have any connection with this matter, or comes anywhere near to being an actor in it in any way, if we are to believe the evidence at all, would be the time referred to by Mertes. Mertes says he saw two men that night drive to the Carlson cottage. It was almost if not quite dark at that time, perhaps entirely so. I have forgotten the hour, but it was quite dark, according to his testimony. He says that he had at that period not only an opportunity of recognizing one or the other of these defendants, but he also had time to turn around in the fleeting moment that he was passing and recognize the defendant Kunze, and it fastened itself upon his memory so that when he came into court he could swear to it positively.

MERTES' EVIDENCE DISCREDITED.

I discredit Mertes' testimony upon that matter entirely. I think it should be rejected so far as his recognition of Kunze is concerned. The next piece of evidence connected with this defendant is the fact that he appeared at saloonkeeper Niemann's. The latter says that at half past 10 o'clock the night of May 4 O Sullivan and the defendant came into his saloon. They stood before him and took two drinks and bought a cigar or two cigars each. He had a most excellent opportunity of observing those men. Upon the stand, looking at them, he could not swear that Kunze was one of those men. I am certain that whatever the jury may have believed about Coughlin's connection with this conspiracy, that they had no right to be more positive about Kunze's appearance at the saloon that night than Niemann was himself. Save only the fact that Kunze when living down on the South Side remarked to a man named Carroll that he would like to see one of the newspapers, and Carroll wanted to know why, and he said: "I understand they want to arrest me in the Cronin case," there would be no other testimony against him.

I think, so far as the verdict with reference to Kunze is concerned, that it was not only not warranted by the evidence, but that it is an absurdity in itself, and I will give him a new trial.

As to the other men I shall overrule the motion for a new trial, believing that they have had a fair trial.

Counsel for the defendants for whom a new trial was denied then took exceptions to the overruling of the motion, and presented a formal motion in arrest of judgment, which motion was overruled by the court, and exceptions taken.

The prisoners were then sentenced.

The question of how much time the court would allow for the preparation for a bill of exceptions was then discussed, and without any material difference between counsel as to what was reasonable in the matter the court fixed the time at sixty days.

BAIL FIXED FOR KUNZE.

The defendants were then remanded to jail, and court was about to adjourn when Mr. Donahoe suddenly recollected that in the excitement of the moment he had forgotten to move for the discharge of Kunze. Order having been restored, an argument was made by Mr. Donahoe and Mr. Forrest to the effect that under the verdict and the rulings of the court Kunze could never be convicted under the indictment in this case. The court said that Mr. Longenecker had suggested to him that he might have some additional evidence against Kunze, and that he desired to have him kept in jail for a few days at least. Counsel for defendants insisted that Kunze was entitled to be released on reasonable bail. Mr. Donahoe asked that he be released on his own recognizance.

In reply to a question by the court as to what he would think reasonable Mr. Longenecker said that he would like to have bail fixed at $20,000, but if he discovered after a few days' investigation that there was no probability of convicting Kunze on a trial hereafter he would apprise the counsel for defendants of that conclusion and consent that Kunze should go on his own recognizance. Mr. Donahoe said he thought that $20,000 was an excessive amount of bail to be required in this case. Mr. Forrest offered to sign a bail bond in the sum of $1 000, saying that he could not sign a bond for a much larger amount. The court announced that he would consider $5,000 a reasonable amount to be required as bail in this case. Mr. Forrest said that he was not able to justify in that amount, not having that amount of real property standing in his own name in this county. The court responded that it was immaterial who gave the bail, as long as the sureties justified in the required amount. In conclusion the bail was fixed at $5 000, and Kunze was remanded until bail should be given, Judge Longnecker assuring counsel that if he, after a few days' investigation, had no reason to hold Kunze for a new trial on evidence recently brought to his attention, he would notify Mr. Donahoe and consent that Kunze should be released on his own recognizance.

Hibernian Society of Nashville.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 6, 1890.—*Mrs. D. R. Derris, Secretary Ladies' Hermitage Association, Nashville, Tenn., Dear Madam:* I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation from the Ladies' Hermitage Association for our organization to participate in the celebration of Jackson's Day, Jan. 8. On account of pressing business engagements it will not be convenient for the members to turn out on that day. The Hibernian Society is at all times willing to co-operate and assist the ladies of the Hermitage Association in their noble work of improving the Hermitage grounds, where the remains of the illustrious Jackson lie. All, however, desire to thank you and the ladies of the Hermitage Association for your kind remembrance of the society by the cordial invitation you have extended to them, and regret that causes explained above will not permit them to be among those who celebrate Jackson's Day. I remain very respectfully yours,

JAMES KILLELEA,
President Hibernian Benevolent Society.

ROMAN ECHOES.

Orders of Knighthood Bestowed by the Pope on Eminent Catholics.

Something About a Princess Who Danced With an Officer—Joan of Arc.

[Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.]

THE PAPAL COURT.

On Sunday his Holiness received in a particular audience his Excellency Count Lefebore de Béhaine, French ambassador to the Holy See, upon his return from a short leave of absence. On Tuesday his Grace the Right Rev. Antonio Vincentini, Archbishop of Aquila, was received in a private audience by the Pope. On the same day, Tuesday, there took place in Vatican a meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites to discuss the introduction of the cause of Bartholomew Maria Dalmonte, priest of Bologna; also to discuss the reintegration of the *cultus* of the Venerable Antonio Maria Zaccaria, founder of the Clerics Regular of St. Paul, called Barnabites; and finally, the reopening of the cause of the Blessed de La Salle and D'Orczco to proceed to their canonization. A commission of the guardians together with the regent, Mgr. Grimaldi, and some of the Sisters of the Venerable Archconfraternity of Sta. Maria del Carmine beyond the Tiber, had the high honor of assisting on Sunday at mass celebrated by the Holy Father in his private chapel. After the mass of thanksgiving, said by one of the private chaplains, of his Holiness, they were received by the Pope in a private audience. The Supreme Pontiff was pleased to add his own august name to the album of the Brethren of the Confraternity, presented to him by the brother procurator for the church, John Scarfini, and also expressed a wish to contribute to the expenses of renovation now being undertaken by the Confraternity in their church.

THE BRITISH ENVOY AT THE VATICAN.

His Excellency General Sir John Abbot Lintorn Simmons, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the British Government to his Holiness the Pope, was received on Wednesday, Dec. 18, together with his wife and daughter, in a particular audience by the Supreme Pontiff.

PONTIFICAL HONORS AND DECORATIONS.

The Holy father has been pleased to make the Very Rev. Nicholas Cantwell, V. G., of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, U. S. A., a domestic prelate, in recognition to his long and well-tried services to the church in that Archdiocese. Mgr. Cantwell is about to celebrate his golden jubilee as a priest. He is the only domestic prelate in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. The Holy Father has been pleased to confer the Order of Khight of St. Gregory on those most prominently connected with the late French pilgrimage, as a mark of the consolation and pleasure which their successful efforts have rendered to his benevolent and paternal heart. M. Léon Harmel receives the Order of Commander of Pius IX with the star. His son, Félix, is among those who receive Knighthood, of whom there are altogether twenty, and two others will be made Commanders of the order of St. Gregory.

THE PAPAL ENCYCLICAL LETTER ON THE DUTIES OF CATHOLIC FAMILIES.

It has been decided that the encyclical letter which the Supreme Pontiff has been preparing on the duties of Catholic families will be published soon. In the consistory fixed, as announced in my last letter, for Dec. 30, the Holy Father pronounced an allocution on the present state of the Holy See and the latest injuries against it from the Italian government.

NEW BISHOPS.

In the consistory on Dec 30, were preconcised the new bishops of Munster and Monaco; the necessary papers for that of Passau have not yet arrived, but are expected between this and then. As to the Russian bishops to be appointed, the necessary papers have arrived for only four as yet, which may be brought up to six before the end of the month.

THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF PROPAGANDA.

By letters of the Secretary of State, dated Dec. 16, the Holy Father has been pleased to place among the consultors of the sacred congregation of propaganda for oriental affairs, the Rev. Father Joseph Calasanzio de Hevaneras, of the minor capuchins. The Rev. John Corti, professor of philosophy in the Urban College of Propaganda, has been named *Minutante Aggiunto*, or assistant under-secretary for eastern affairs in the sacred congregation of propaganda.

RETURN OF MGR SATOLLI.

His Grace Mgr. Satolli, titular archbishop of Lepanto, and apostolic delegate sent to represent the Holy Father at the opening of the Catholic University at Washington, has returned to Rome and had a special audience with the Holy Father, who was very pleased with the account Mgr. Satolli, gave of his visit to America and of his report on the state, progress and probable future of the Catholic church in the New World. Mgr. Satalli has already taken up his lectures on the Theology of St. Thomas Aquinas, in the Urban College of Propaganda.

THE VENERABLE MARIA CRISTINA OF SAVOY AND JOAN OF ARC.

Last week I referred to a false report, which led to a whole column of vile abuse in the *Matin* against the Holy Father, based upon a supposed communication from their Roman correspondent; it is now the turn of the *Figaro* to do the same, which published in the last letter of their Roman correspondent, speaking of the proceedings of cause of the saints: "The process of Maria Cristina of Savoy is suspended, because in going over her correspondence a letter has been found directed to a friend, which speaks of a ball at which the princess danced with pleasure with a certain brilliant officer. Nothing else was wanted to suspend the beatification—until the aspiring saint shall have worked some new miracle." The latter further adds that the Congregation of Rites has suspended the cause of beatification of Joan of Arc, for various reasons. Now it is absolutely false that such a letter of the Venerable Maria Cristina of Savoy, in which she speaks of having danced with pleasure with an officer, is in evidence. Hence it cannot be true that on that account her beatification is put off. Moreover, had such a letter been in existence it would be anything but an indication of future miracles at her intercession; besides which it would have been necessary to discuss such a question before attributing to Maria Cristina the title of Venerable without waiting for the further process of beatification. As to the cause of Joan of Arc, it is a fact that the relation of everything necessary for the introduction of her cause is actually in type to be submitted to the examination of the Sacred Congregation for the authorization of the introduction of her cause.

IRISH NEWS.

LEINSTER.

CONNOR MORAN.

The farm at Newtown, from which Connor Moran was evicted last summer by the Marquis of Drogheda, has been in charge of emergencymen ever since. On Christmas Eve, at 9:45 p. m., consternation was created among the poor people returning from shopping by the continual revolver practice indulged in by those worthies, and, strange to say, that instead of firing at a target, or some object away from the public thoroughfare, they continued to fire right across the public road.

MEMORIAL NOTIFICATION.

Forty-five farmers in the vicinity of Newbridge have presented Major Moore and Mr. Pallin with a memorial notifying their intention to prevent him and his followers traversing their lands in the company of persons who have made themselves obnoxious to public feeling. Other districts will, we learn, follow suit.

TENANTS' DEFENSE LEAGUE.

The convention for the inauguration of the Tenants' Defense League in the Queen's county will be held at Maryborough on Jan. 21, and at Naas, for Kildare county, on Thursday, Feb. 23.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

A movement is in progress for the purpose of getting a government grant towards the Orphanage and Industrial School at Stradbally, Queen's county. The memorial for that purpose has been largely and influentially signed.

WAYLAID.

On Christmas Eve, as a farmer and road contractor named Edward Maher, of Ballyhue, was returning home accompanied by his sister, from Carlow, he was met about a mile outside town, at Browne's Hill, by three men, who stopped the car Maher was driving. On his remonstrating, and after some altercation, they pulled him out of the car, threw him in the ditch, and commenced kicking him. His sister, who interposed, was seized by the ruffians and thrown into some bushes. She escaped to Mr. Purser's implement depot close by and gave the alarm. The assailants then decamped, one of them saying he had got enough, if he were alive at all. Maher, who is under the care of Dr. McDowell at the Workhouse Infirmary, suffered serious injuries, and yesterday Mr. Kennedy, R. M., took his depositions, in which he identified one of his assailants as a man named Nolan. The police made two arrests.

A LETTER FROM VALPARAISO.

The following letter has been received in Dublin by the sister of a man who went to Valparaiso a few months ago, buoyed up with promises of the good times which were there awaiting him. We give the communication just as it has been received:

VALPARAISO, Nov. 6, Thursday.—*Dear Sister:* Just alive to let you no that I arrived here all right. We had a very pleasant passage out here, but when we landed we got a surprise to find we got nothing to do but to sleep in a barracks with nothing but the bare boards to sleep on, and nothing to eat. We have sold all our closs, and now we are nearly starving, so if you nou any of the boys that is coming out here teli them, for God sake tell them, to stop at home. I am tring to stow myself away in a ship if I can get the chance, or if not to die with the hunger. The wages they give here is 2s a day for tradesmen, and the laboring men 60 sents, and each sent is one farthing, to support yourself and logine out of that it cannot be dope. The natives can live on it well, but the do not weare any cloaths. Give my love to all at home. Remember me to ——————; tell ——————— that I was asking for him, and all the boys, and for God sake not to come out here to die with the hunger as we are doing. Dear Sister, publish it in the paper the way no one elis will come out here to die with hunger.

In Dablin there was an embarassing lack of copper coin for change during the Christmas holidays.

The Tenants' Defense Fund already exceeds the sum of $100 000.

SUDDEN DEATHS.

There were two sudden deaths at Clones lately—one, a man named Thomas Sweeney, the other, a woman named Martha Murphy, housekeeper to the local clergy, who died of heart disease.

On Dec. 24, Mary, the dearly beloved daughter of Michael Mohan, died at her father's residence, Nicholastown, aged 18 years.

CEREMONY OF RECEPTION.

On Thursday week the ceremony of reception of a religieuse took place in the Mercy Convent, Tullamore. The young lady was Miss Julia Smyth, Delvin, Westmeath, now known as Sister Mary Antonia. In the unavoidable absence of the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, the ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Dr. McAlroy, P. P, V. G, Tullamore. A large number of the friends of the young religieuse and many clergymen were present on the occasion.

DEATH OF THE REV FATHER HICKEY, O.P.

It is our melancholy duty to record the death of this zealous and worthy priest attached to the church of St. Savior, Lower Dominick street, stricken down in the very prime and vigor of manhood. Born in Dublin, Father Hickey entered the Dominican Order at a very early age, and on the completion of his studies in Rome returned to this country. For a time he was placed in the houses of his order in Newry and in the College of St. Thomas, Newbridge, of which he was prior, and where he endeared himself to all by his quiet unobtrusive ways and the gentleness and the amiability of his manners. For the last four years he devoted himself with his accustomed zeal and earnestness to the work of the ministry in St. Savior's. Struck down by typhoid fever about a month ago, he never rallied and on Saturday, fortified by the last sacraments, he peacefully breathed his last in the thirty fifth year of his age.—*Freeman, Dec. 24.*

MUNSTER.

RELEASED FROM JAIL.

On Friday week Messrs. Michael Lonergan, Pierce Lonergan, and Michael Burke were released from the jail where in they had been imprisoned three months, in accordance with a sentence (for obstructing the sheriff at an eviction) imposed on them at Cahir by Messrs. Meldon and Carew, on Aug. 28. Very large contingents, with bands, met the "criminals." They were presented with a watch each by the Messrs. Purcell.

DEATH OF MRS M'NAMARA.

Universal regret and sympathy are felt throughout this town and county at the unexpected death of Mrs McNamara, newsvender, Ennis. During Mr. McNamara's prosecution for selling *United Ireland* the deceased lady pluckily continued the sale of that paper, though repeatedly warned by the police not to do so. Mrs. McNamara suffered severely from shock, occasioned by the visits of the police to the premises and the threats used against her husband by them during Mr. McNamara's various terms of imprisonment. Visits were paid her by Mr. Shaw Lefevre and other English ladies and gentlemen while in this country.

THE GARRISON IN IRELAND.

The garrison in Ireland is about equal to what it was last year, nearly 25,000, but the number of guns has been reduced to 40. In the Belfast district there are a little over 4 000 officers and men, constituting one cavalry regiment, 100 artillery men, four batallions and three depots of infantry, and a proportion of departmental troops. In the Dublin district there are rather more than 14,000 men and 20 guns, forming 4 regiments of cavalry, 4 batteries of artillery, 3 companies of engineers, 12 batallions and 3 depots of infantry, 8 transport companies and 2 divisions of medical stag. In the Cork district there are 1 cavalry regiment, 7 artillery batteries, 3 engineer companies, 9 batallions and 2 depots of infantry, a medical staff division and a few departmental troops, making up altogether 9,400 men and 20 field guns. The highest record in Ireland of late years was 30,000 men.

Tipperary still leads in the county contributions to the Defense Fund, but it is only £159 ahead of Cork. Its subscription is £4,259, Cork, £4,100.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

On Christmas Day, the £200 given by Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., as a Christmas-box to the evicted poor tenants on the Smith-Barry estate in the town of Tipperary, was distributed by a committee of the local Tenants' Defense Association. The check was forwarded to Father Humphries, C. C., and he called to his aid in the work of distribution the Very Rev. Canon Cahill, V. G., Mr. O'Brien Dalton, also the chairman of the town commissioners, and other members of the local Defense organization. The offering of Mr. O Brien, chiefly because of the thoughtfulness of the donation, has sent a thrill of happiness and joy among the evicted, who are made to feel that they and theirs will not suffer anything at the hands of the evictors.

Mr. William O'Brien was, on Christmas Day, the guest of Archbishop Croke. The Thurles people and clergy gave him a splendid welcome.

CONNACHT.

Mr. James Colleran, of Annakeen, Galway, died Dec. 4, aged 71 years. The funeral, one of the largest ever seen in the neighborhood, was to Kilsura graveyard. R.I.P.

The members of the Athenry Temperance Society gave an excellent entertainment on St. Stephen's Night. The programme embraced an historical drama "The White Boys," and a laughable farce. Another entertainment will be given on Twelfth Night.

The names of the unhapdy evicted tenants on the O'Donnellan Blake Forster (in chancery) property, are: Michael Shaughnessy, Owen Kerins, Michael Kerins, M. Towns, John Fahy, Pat Kilkelly, Michael Sullivan, William Sullivan and Widow Kilkelly.

ULSTER.

MORE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The Enniskillen correspondent of the Belfast *Morning News* says: Over £80 have been subscribed by the people of the parish of Enniskillen to the Tenants' Defense Fund. When the different lists of subscribers were examined it was found that over forty Protestants had generously handed in their money and names to collectors for publication. Some of these men up to a very recent date were most pronounced Orangemen, but as some of them have said, their eyes have been opened by the way their landlords have treated them.

CAPT. KER TO RESIGN.

A Downpatrick correspondent telegraphs: It is rumored that Captain Ker, M. P., is about to resign his seat for East Down, and that Mr. John Atkinson, Q. C, will be the Conservative candidate.

CAPT. JAMES GORDON.

An inquest was held in Belfast, Dec. 27, on Capt. James Gordon, mercantile marine, who was found dead in his house with a bullet wound in his head. The evidence showed that the deceased had been in a very depressed state since he buried his wife, twelve months ago, and that on returning from visiting her grave Dec. 27—being the anniversary of her funeral—he shot himself with a revolver. A verdict of suicide while laboring under temporary insanity was returned.

£350 DAMAGES

On Monday week, at the Four Courts, Dublin, in an action against the Great Northwestern Railway Company, a verdict with £350 damages was given in favor of George and Mary Bell, husband and wife, for serious injuries to Mrs. Bell in the Armagh railway disaster.

DARE IT.

BY "EVA" OF THE "NATION."

This is the hour of strife,
Dare it!
With vast results 'tis rife,
Dare it!
Stand forward in the breach;
Let sturdy action preach,
Nor *cant* presume to teach—
Beware it!

The cry is, "All is lost!"
Dare it!
Whate'er the struggle cost,
Dare it!
Submit not to a cheat;
For us there's no defeat,
While true hearts round us beat—
We swear it!

The past, with all its woe,
Dare it!
The present, weak and slow,
Dare it!
The future as it may—
Go boldly on your way,
To win the victor's bay,
And wear it!

I hear the strong man say—
"Dare it!
If thou wouldst gain the day,
Dare it!
I wrench from Fortune's hand
The dark and threatening brand
To serve, when I command,
Nor spare it!"

While tyrant thrall remains,
Dare it!
Despite all ills and pains,
Dare it!
Sown deep by Fen and Tongue,
Be "disaffection" strong—
That struggle, sad and long,
Oh, bear it!

By God's good help and strength,
Dare it!
With all thy soul at length,
Dare it!
Recast the broken plan—
Stand forward to a man,
As though you just began—
Oh, swear it!

DON'T SAY there is no help for catarrh, hay fever and cold in head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It supersedes the dangerous use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

FIGHTING LANDLORDISM.

A Crisis in the Irish Land War—All Irish-Americans Should Rally to the Aid of Tipperary.

[To the Editor.]

Often during the progress of war the contending armies direct all their force and strategy to the keeping or capturing of some certain stronghold which is looked on as the key of the situation. Such appears to be the case to day in that desperate and furious fight which is raging between landlord and tenant in Ireland and Tipperary. Gallant and fearless Tipperary is the stronghold against which the combined forces of villainous landlordism and Toryism are hurled. When the tenantry of Ireland had no Land act to protect them against cruel and capricious eviction, the brave and high spirited men of Tipperary discovered a very ready and efficient one, which they administered with the rifle and the blunderbus. The first Land act—that of 1870—was the direct effect of a dose of "leaden pills" administered at Ballycohey, near Tipperary town, to a tyrant named Scully and his myrmidons. This Scully, whose name has since become notorious with the people of Illinois as a landlord, contemplated the eviction of a large number of tenants in the above townland, but in his attempt to serve the usual ejectment process on one of them, a man named Dwyer, he got badly riddled with balls and his chief bailiff, one Gorman, together with an officer named Morrow, who escorted them, was shot dead. It was only then, when heartless tyrants who were proof against all reason and argument, found that their bodies were not altogether proof against bullets, that the law stepped in to afford the long persecuted tenant farmers some protection, and the Land act of 1870 was passed.

The people of Tipperary town and its vicinity, were ever foremost in every movement to promote the national interests of Ireland since they enjoyed comparative immunity from molestation themselves at the hands of land lords who had learned how dangerous and unwise it was to ruffle the temper of Tipperary. The town of Tipperary, which is one of the most beautiful and prosperous little towns in Ireland, is owned in great part by a land shark named Smith Barry, who claims toll out of its markets. He also owns many thousands of acres of fertile land around the town. While he was reluctantly forced to make concessions to his Tipperary tenants he placed himself at the head of the landlords' syndicate and cruelly evicted and harassed tenants on other estates—notobly on the Ponsonby estate in the county Cork. With a display of magnanimity and unselfishness truly worthy of Tipperary his tenants at the latter place espoused the cause of their brother tenants and refused to pay Barry any rent until he took his heel off the necks of the Ponsonby tenants and retired altogether from the head of the landlord combination. Relying on his great wealth, the entire support of the landlord faction and the active assistance of a brutal Tory government, the white livered tyrant refused to give up the congenial game of oppression and turned on the town of Tipperary with a vengeance.

The evicting brigade, fierce hellhounds of the law, were let loose on the devoted people of that gallant little town. Hundreds of its inhabitants are now torn from their homes—some are pining in prison, others have been brutally assailed by Balfour's armed fiends and stabbed or bludgeoned in the streets, and one young man, the only stay of a widowed mother, was shot dead by the same bloodthirsty demons. This is the terrible state of affairs existing to day in Tipperary. The splendid spirit of the people there is still, however, unbroken. The revered and patriotic Archbishop Croke is at their head, and by his voice, his gifted pen and ever ready purse he is nobly sustaining and cheering them through the fight, and piloting them on to victory. That victory will soon crown their efforts I have not the smallest doubt, but as Tipperary has entered into the contest not on her own account, but for a principle and to preserve the Ponsonby tenants from destruction, I contend that Tipperary to day deserves the admiration and gratitude, the sympathy and support of Irishmen all the world over at this desperate and trying crisis in her history.

If the true nature and importance of the fight now raging in Tipperary were thoroughly understood here in America I feel satisfied there would be a grand rallying of the Irish race from Maine to California and from the great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, to aid and cheer her through the fight. This is my apology for laying the facts of the case before your readers, and anybody who has read the Irish papers during the last couple of months will admit I have not overdrawn the picture or exaggerated the importance of the fight now raging in Tipperary. Though I was born in the county Limerick, yet I spent some of the happiest days of my life among the jovial, warm hearted people of Tipperary. I am still in communication with many of its most respected citizens, so that I well know what I am writing about, and will cheerfully subscribe $10 out of my slender resources to any fund which may be started in America to aid gallant Tipperary in crushing landlordism and giving a wholesome lesson to proud bullies and hypocritical tyrants of the Smith Barry stamp.

E. F. RYAN.

Chicago, Jan 6, 1890.

A CENTURY of progress has not produced a remedy equal to Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is perfectly safe and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives immediate relief and cures the worst cases.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J A Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

The Chicago Hotel,

No. 156 South Clark street, near Madison, is centrally located, perfectly clean, and strictly respectable, situated over Brockway & McKee's celebrated restaurant, and yet you can get a room to yourself on the first floor for only 50 cents, baths free. Try it. P. S. CONDON, Manager.

H.R.EAGLE

GOOD GROCERIES AT LESS THAN YOU CAN BUY THEM ELSEWHERE FOR.

Evaporated Raspberries, per lb	12 cents
A 12-lb box American Macaroni for	15 cents
Vanilla Chocolate, per lb	19 cents
40 Bars James S. Kirk's Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
33 bars Edward's Strictly Pure Soap for	$1.00
Half pint bottle Halford's Leicestershire Sauce for	9 cents
Half pint bottle Soyer's Perfection Sauce, per bottle	6 cents
Quart bottles Best Imported Olive Oil for	30 cents
Parlor Pride Stove Enamel, per bottle	6 cents
Durkee's Celery Salt, per bottle	9 cents
Jamaica Ginger, per bottle	9 cents
The "Modoc," better than Sapolio, per cake	3 cents
The Best Corn Starch, per lb	5 cents
A 4-oz bottle Durkee's Curry Powder, per bottle	20 cents
Finest French Peas, per can	14 cents
Pint bottles of Catsup for	5 cents
A Good Large Stove Brush for	7 cents
Stove Polish, per cake	1 cent
Large Wash Tub, 3 hoops	55 cents
A Good Carpet Broom for	10 cents
Bon Ton Baking Powder, per lb	10 cents
B. & M. Paris Corn, per can	10 cents
Large Wood Fibre Pails, each	20 cents
English Walnuts, per pound	9 cents

TOBACCO.

Miners' Choice Smoking Tobacco, per lb	15 cents
Tip Top Smoking Tobacco, per lb	25 cents
Blackwell Genuine Durham Smoking, per lb	29 cents
A 10-lb pail Lorillard's Terror Fine Cut for	$3.10
Lorillard's Terror Fine Cut, per single pound	25 cents
Ivory Plug Tobacco, per lb	19 cents
Champagne Twist Tobacco, per lb	28 cents
Lorillard's Climax Plug Tobacco, per lb	39 cents

FLOUR.

Washburn's Superlative Patent Flour, per brl $4.78

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl $5.48

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl $4.18

Best Bohemian Rye Flour, per brl $2.98

DRIED FRUITS.	Cents per lb
Fancy California Dried Apricots	18
California Black Figs	12
Fancy Layer Figs	15
California L. M. Raisins	08
New Valencia Raisins	10
Fancy Bunch Dehesia Table Raisins	15
Pitted Cherries	12
California Pitted Plums	19
Evaporated California Peaches	18
Fancy Evaporated Cal. Peeled Peaches	23
Turkish Prunes	05
Large French Prunes	10
Whole German Pears	12
Quarter California Pears	09
Fancy Peeled California Pears	18
Michigan Dried Apples	05
Fancy Alden Evaporated Apples	09
Spanish Prunelle	10
Evaporated Raspberries	13

VEGETABLES IN TINS.	Per Can.	Per Doz.
2 lb Cans Oxford Lima Beans	10	$1 10
3 lb Cans Stringless Beans	10	$1 10
2 lb Cans M C & Co Sugar Corn	8	90c
2 lb Cans "Baby" Sweet Corn	10	$1 10
This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.		
2 lb Cans Burnham & Morrill Corn	10	$1 20
2 lb Cans Edwards' Maine Packed Sugar Corn	10	$1 10
This is the finest corn packed this year.		
2 lb Cans Early June Peas	10	$1 10
2 lb Cans Finest Early June Peas "sifted"	12½	$1 40
2 lb Cans B & M Succotash	14	$1 60
3 lb Cans Golden Pumpkin	10	$1 10
3 lb Cans Gordon & Dilworth Asparagus	27	$3 00
French Mushrooms	15	$1 70
3 lb Cans Pumpkin	10	$1 00
A 3 lb Can Cal. Asparagus	19	$2 20
3 lb Cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	8	90c

SECOND EDITION.

3 lb cans California Egg Plums for	10 cents
A 3-lb can Table Peaches for	10 cents
Broken Stick Candy, per lb	6 cents
Broken Lump Candy, per lb	8 cents
Crystal Mixed Candy, per lb	10 cents
Pint Bottles Shrewsbury Catsup	15 cents
Cross & Blackwell's Jams, pr jar	18 cents
Large Bottle Parmesan Cheese	15 cents
Pints English Style Pickles, each	15 cents
Pints English Style White Onions	20 cents
A 27 ounce Bottle Spanish Queen Olives	19 cents
Pint Bottle Francois Farrari Olive Oil—This is the best oil imported—for	29 cents
Pint Bottle J. Wolff Imported Olive Oil for	19 cents
A 3 lb Can Gordon & Dillworth Asparagus for	27 cents
A 3 lb Can California Asparagus	17 cents
Pint Bottles Cross & Blackwell's Pickles for	25 cents
Quart Bottles Cross & Blackwell's Pickles for	43 cents
Anchovies in oil, per bottle	17 cents
Anchovies in salt, per bottle	19 cents
Italian Pastillaces, per lb	9 cents
Italian Pates (Alphabets), per lb	9 cents
Marge Fils' Maccaroni, per lb	9 cents
Large Size Church Candles, pr lb	8 cents
Glass Jars Imported Macedoines, each	19 cents
Glass Jars Imported Haricots, each	19 cents
1 lb Bon Ton Baking Powder for	10 cents
Just as good as what you are paying 40 cents per lb for.	
A Good Iron Coal Shovel for	2 cents
Large Wood Ash Sieves for	25 cents
9 lbs Pure Ground Coffee for	$1 00

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

GROCERS 68 WABASH-AV.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening afar,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

MCSHANE'S DIAMOND.

It was a singular incident that once came under my observation, while traveling in an English railway coach, and one that afforded me a good deal of amusement at the time of its occurrence.

I was an American tourist, traveling on small capital and large assurance; the latter of which, allow me to remark, increased in proportion as the former diminished. I was journeying from the picturesque little town of Hadley, on the London and Western, to the great metropolis, where Bob, my fellow tourist, was awaiting my arrival. I had taken a run down to Hadley for a few days, for the purpose of visiting a couple of ruined abbeys in the vicinity, and hoping at the same time to escape from the fog, smoke and noise of busy London.

I left Bob in town, for, alas! he did not appreciate moss covered walls and antique battlements, preferring, by far, the giddy throngs of the Odeon or the Alhambra.

I had enjoyed myself to my heart's content in wandering among the venerable ruins of a bygone age, and vaguely speculating on the lives of the former owners of the ivy mantled structures. In fact, the time had slipped away so pleasantly that I was greatly surprised one evening to receive a letter from Bob, saying that I had been away a week, whereas I had said three days would be the limit, and that if I wanted to see London in Yuletide garb, I had better "hurry up," to use his expression. Whereupon, I had packed my Gladstone, and, having settled my account and bidden farewell to my jolly host of the Black Horse, not without much regret, I found myself settled in a compartment of a second class railway carriage, whirling away to the metropolis.

Upon entering the compartment I glanced casually around and observed, to my surprise, that its only other occupants beside myself were a rather oldish man, wrapped from top to toe in a huge ulster, and whom, by some unknown mental process, I set down as a well to do merchant, and a tall, seedy looking individual with an honest, sun browned face. I was at a loss to determine the calling of the second of my fellow travelers, and the old fashioned portmanteau that rested at his feet did not serve to enlighten me—the aforesaid mental process was at fault. I concluded, however, that the two men were as unknown to each other as they were to me.

They had civilly made room for me when I took my seat, and then, as the train began to move, the tall man began talking to him of the ulster, and kept it up.

After I had made myself as comfortable as one can be in an English railway coach, I drew forth a novel and tried to read. I say "tried," for the attempt was a complete failure. The carriage was beastly cold, and between the rattle of the train and the incessant talking of the tall man, I had to re-read the first page of my "Haggard" tale three times before I got the sense of it, and it wasn't very deep reading either. Then I gave it up in disgust, and leaning back, with the stoical determination to grin and bear it, pretended to go to sleep.

The tall man had just finished some "good story," with which he seemed highly pleased, and its denouement was evidently satisfactory to his listener, for he of the ulster was giving vent to a series of throaty chuckles. I immediately made up my mind to listen to the next yarn that the loquacious tall man should tell, and I felt the more justified in doing so because it was largely his fault that my reading had been interrupted.

I had not long to wait, for the effect of the last tale had not yet worn away when the tall man began:

"There's another good story that I know, and I can vouch for the truth of this one, because, you see, I was one of the actors in the affair myself;" and then, not pausing for any comments, he continued: "It was way back in the prosperous days of the South Africa diamond fields. I landed in the colony when a mere boy, and, after knocking around Cape Town for a year, came to the conclusion that I'd never make a fortune there, and that I had better strike for the interior, where they said the Kohinoors were to be had for the picking up.

"Well, I reached the diamond district, just how it doesn't matter, and, of course, soon discovered that the reports I had heard concerning the wealth of the district were greatly exaggerated. However, I was there, and had to make the best of it.

"There were a couple of fellows in the camp whom I took a fancy to, and so we three pooled our issues, and, having located a claim, went to work.

"One of my partners was from Lancashire, and was as true a friend as I ever had, but a quiet sort of boy. Poor fellow! he sailed from Cape Town a few years later in a vessel that was never heard of after she left port. The third member of our triumvirate was just the opposite of the Lancashire lad, as far as soberness of disposition goes. He, like myself, was a Londoner, and was the most jovial, whole souled fellow in the district. Billy Thompson was his name, but the boys had abbreviated it into 'Tompy.' He was forever playing some joke or other on the miners, so that they were always on the lookout when Tompy was around.

"There was an Irishman in camp by the name of Mike McShane. He was a true son of the Emerald Isle, light hearted and 'aisy goin',' and, as was natural, he and Tompy struck up a warm friendship. He used to come down to our quarters almost every night, and many is the good yarn that he and Tompy used to spin to while away the evening. All that the rest of us needed to do was to lie around and laugh at the right time."

"I think I can hear Tompy now, as he used to ask Mike, when the latter would come up to our hut of an evening:

"'Well, Mike, have you found the big diamond that's been waiting for you these long years down in your pit?'

"'Faith, me bhoys, yez kin joke az much az yez loikes, but, begorra! it'll be moy toime to joke whin oi've found the jewel, as oi will some toime. Whist! ye spalpeens, don't oi tell yez oi've seen it in me dhrames?' Mike was a thorough believer in dreams.

"His pit was an old one that had been unsuccessfully worked for a few weeks by a delicate young fellow, whom nobody knew anything about. He had become more and more disheartened at his ill luck, and, at last, he was found dead in the pit one morning, with a bullet hole in his head, and a pistol in his hand. Poor boy! he had given it up. For a long while the pit stood empty—none of the miners would go near it, for they declared it was haunted by the ghost of the dead man; but when Mike McShane came into the district he immediately took possession of it, saying that the spook would guide him to the right spot to dig.

About eight months after Mike's appearance in camp a regular out and out Yankee struck the district. He was a good one and no mistake.

"One night he sauntered into our hut. Mike wasn't around, strange to say, and sitting down by the fire, began to talk and to spit tobacco juice at one particular flame. Somehow the conversation gradually drifted on to the relative ability of the English and Americans. Tompy, as usual, did most of the talking for Old England, while the Yankee defended the United States; and I must say he downed Tompy, so to speak, on every point the latter would bring up. Finally, as a clincher to a particularly strong argument, he ran his hand deep into his pocket and brought out what I thought at first was a large, uncut diamond.

"'There,' said the Yankee, 'do you think you Englishmen can make such an imitation jewel as that? See how it flashes even though in the rough!'

"'Pooh!' said Tompy, not a bit abashed, 'a greenhorn could tell that wasn't genuine. That will do to fool Americans with.'

"'Will it?' replied the Yankee, with his peculiar drawl, and he was about to replace the false stone in his pocket—at at that instant a brilliant idea struck Tompy.

"'Hold on, my friend,' he said; 'Let's look at that a minute.'

"The Yankee handed the false stone over to Tompy, and the latter turned it over and over in his hand. Presently he looked up and said—

"'You don't want to sell this piece of glass, do you, stranger?'

"'That depends,' said the Yankee laconically, as he neatly extinguished the bright little flame by a larger shower of nicotine juice than usual.

"Well, to make short work of it, they dickered around till, finally, Tompy traded a stone worth five pounds for the paste jewel. As soon as the Yankee was gone, Walters, the Lancashire lad, and I spoke up.

"'What the devil did you do that for?' we cried in a breath.

"'Never you mind,' replied Tompy, coolly. 'I'll have some fun out of Mike McShane and this paste diamond yet.'

"The next morning, while we were eating breakfast, we were startled by a terrible racket coming from the other end of the camp.

"'What's that?' I asked.

"'Give it up,' said Tompy, with an odd sort of smile. 'Guess you'd better take a look outside.'

"Walters and I rushed for the door, and Tompy followed more leisurely. A laughable sight met our eyes. At the head of a crowd of miners was Mike McShane, capering about like mad, and yelling and singing by turns, but all the while advancing towards our hut, and crying:

"'Hooray! Hooray! me bhoys, oi've found it at last, oi said oi would, and yez see me dhrames have come true. Och! Nora, me darlint, yer fartune's made.'

"At that instant I happened to look at Tompy, and saw that he was trying to keep from laughing, and it immediately occurred to me that he had perpetrated some joke on Mike, and that the paste jewel was at the bottom of it. Apparently, Walters thought the same thing, for he said to Mike, in his quiet way:

"'Let us see your find, Mike.'

"'Not yit! not yit!' answered Mike. 'But yez must come with me to the assayer's to see how much it's worth. Thin yez can look at it az long as yez wants.'

Just then a big rawboned Scotchman spoke up, saying:

"'The mon's bewitched. He's got na diamint.'

"'Bewitched is it!' cried Mike, excitedly, 'all roight, me bhoys, he sez oi'm bewitched. Come along to the assayer's office and see.'

So saying, Mike led the way toward the government buildings, in which the assayer's office was established. The crowd followed, and we joined them, beginning to wonder how this strange joke would end.

"As we filed into the low ceilinged room used by the assayer, that individual looked up from his work. He was examining some gold ore that had been brought in from the Transvaal and was annoyed at being disturbed.

"'Well, my lads,' he said impatiently, 'What can I do for you?'

"Taking off his shabby cap, that he kept twirling nervously in his fingers, Mike stepped to the front and said:

"'Plaze, yer honor, oi've found a diamint in me diggings this marnin', an' oi've brought it down for to find out how much it is worth and the quality of the shtone. Begorra! the bhoys say oi'm clane gone crazy, and have been dhramin', but oi'll lave it all with yer honor.'

"Whereupon Mike thrust his hand into his pocket and, slowly drawing it forth, deposited on the table a sparkling white stone of unusual size. Giving it a hasty glance, and taking it for the Yankee's paste jewel, I turned to look at Tompy. I could not catch his eye, however, for he was leaning forward like the others, breathless with interest.

"'Humph!' I muttered, 'one might think to look at him that he knew nothing about it. I did not know before that Tompy was quite so deceitful.'

"Meanwhile the assayer was examining the gem very carefully. He turned it over in his hand, squinted at it through a magnifying glass, looking for flaws, I suppose, and, finally held it up between his thumb and forefinger, that it might catch the rays of the morning sun, as they poured in through the square hole in the wall that answered for a window. The jewel certainly had, or seemed to have, a lot of fire in it, and I could not help admiring its brilliancy.

"Then the assayer, laying the jewel gently down upon the table, spoke, saying very slowly:

"'That is the finest diamond that I have seen for six months. It is of the finest water, and is absolutely flawless.'

Taking advantage of the yells and cheers that rose from the half a hundred throats at the assayer's words, Tompy leaned quickly toward me and whispered:

"'By jove! Mike must have missed the paste stone, and has really made a find!'

"Then, before I could reply, Mike himself rushed up to us, dancing from one to the other, and began hugging us like mad, until I almost agreed with the old Scotchman, that he was possessed.

"'Hold on, my good man,' said the assayer kindly, 'tell us how you came to find this valuable jewel.'

"As the cheers subsided, Mike cooled off a little and told the following story of his great find:

"'Well, bhoys,' he began, addressing himself to the crowd, 'yez all know az how how oi wuz forever a sayin' that the shperrit of the poor fellow phat killed himself (rest his soul now) would some guide me to the roight sphot to dig. Yisterday oi began a new shaft, a little further to the east of the old one, fur sez oi to meself, "There's nothin' loike havin' two oirns in the fire, Moike, me bhoy."

"'Well, last night oi wuz onaisy loike, and couldn't slape, so oi got up to take a bit of a walk. Oi hadn't no more than reached the door of the cabin when I saw somethin' movin' from the bushes to me new shaft.

"'Whist!' sez oi, 'uts the ghost of the former owner come back to look for some diamint that he didn't find when aloive.'

"'Well, me boys, oi laid meself down close by me hut an' watched the ghost. It wasn't so dhark but what oi could see him diggin' away for dear loife in me new shaft, but all on a suddent he shtopped and felt in his pocket.'

"'Ghosts don't have pockets,' yelled some one derisively from the rear of the crowd.

"'Arrah, now, y' galoot!' replied Mike quickly, 'your ghost wouldn't have need of one;' and not heeding the laugh produced by this sally, he resumed:

"'As oi wuz agoin' to say, he shtooped down, an' seemed to put somethin' in the hole he had dug. After that, he filled it up again, and smoothen' it off so as to make it look natural loike shouldered his spade, az any miner would, and gloided away. When he had vanished into the air entoirely (Tompy almost laughed out here), oi got up an' sez:

"'Arrah! ye spalpeen, it's there where ye buries yer threasures, is it? By St. Patrick! but it'll shtay there till marnin', an' no longer; and with that oi wint in an' soon wuz phast ashlape. In the marnin' bright and early oi wuz up, an', takin' me shpade, wint out and dug as near the place as oi could judge that the shperrit had dug the noight before, an' begorra! the first lick oi turned up the silfsame jewel before yez.'

"As Mike finished his wonderful tale the crowd began to murmur. It sounded too improbable for them to believe, although I had heard many of the same fellows declare before that they had seen the ghost that Mike described. However, Tompy, who evidently did not want the ghost story investigated, came gallantly to Mike's relief.

"'Never mind about the ghost,' he cried, 'but let's give three cheers for Nora in old Ireland!'

"The crowd responded again and again until the rickety weather boards of the walls rattled as though they would fly off. Then two of us raised Mike on our shoulders and carried him off; and him holding on tight to his 'diamint' and crying and laughing by turns. And I tell you, sir, there were not many dry eyes in that crowd when he cried out:

"'Nora, me darlint, yer Moike will come home to make ye rich at last,' for, you see, most of us had a Nora somewhere in the wide world.

"I may as well say that Tompy's paste jewel was never heard of in the camp; but I have an idea that, as Tompy knew where to look for it, he disinterred it that very night.

"Well, Mike sailed from Cape Town in the next ship that left, but whether he ever reached home and Nora with his diamond, or not, I don't know, for I haven't seen him from that day to this," and the tall man brushed his eyes quickly with the back of his hand.

"Yes, ye have! yes, ye have!" cried the man in the ulster, springing up and seizing his fellow traveler's hand. "Ye have seen him to-night, now roight here! oi'm Moike McShane!"

The tall man could not believe it at first; but when the truth dawned upon him he fell to wringing his old friend's hand, till I feared he would pull the arm off. The scene was fast becoming embarrassing for me, when the train slowed up, and the guard throwing open the door of the compartment and thrusting his head in, yelled: "Harlington station, Lannon!"

That was my getting off place, so seizing my Gladstone bag and my umbrella, I hurried out, leaving the two long separated friends deeply absorbed in exchanging experiences.—Reese P. Risley in Yankee Blade.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A PASTIME.

The Possibilities for Pleasure and Instruction Which It Presents.

The wonderful growth of amateur photography as a popular outdoor pastime illustrates in a marked degree the elevating tendencies of the modern devices for health giving recreation. To the lover of those polite diversions that are devoid of the elements of daring adventure and the prowess of reckless exposure, the study of field photography presents attractions that are incomparably superior to those of other outdoor pastimes.

Photography enjoys an acknowledged supremacy over all other outdoor sports in that it cultivates the finer instincts and depends not for its fascinating features upon an exhibition of physical hardihood or athletic training. The pursuit of the pastime is beyond question ennobling and refining in its influence. It develops a keen and artistic eye for the beautiful in nature. Through the mystic and enchanting alchemy of the "dark room" it brings the receptive mind into contact with the great Artist who has filled the earth and sky with such regal beauty.

The whole realm of nature with its green fields and woodland symposium of daisies and buttercups, its babbling brooks, where the laughing rivulets go clattering with their silver heels over the stony depths and the nodding lilies drink in copious libations from the perpetual fount—all this is the kingdom of the amateur photographer.

The pastime is one that not only conduces to physical exhilaration, but, through the fascinating mystery of its results, it engages our admiration and enlists our ripest mental endeavor. Other outdoor sports are largely calculated for the development of the body without rendering to the mind any adequate recompense. Moreover, such pastimes as hunting, fishing, lawn tennis and baseball combine elements of roughness that are incompatible with the refined delicacy of the gentler sex. Photography is a recreation admirably adapted to both sexes.

After all, the excellence of the results accomplished are dependent upon the skill of the artist. The time of the exposure must be regulated according to the light and the character of the subject. To make indiscriminate "shots" at all sorts of objects is the pastime of the schoolboy and not of the artist. The most beautiful effects are obtained by a proper study of the lights and shadows of the landscape, coupled with a skillful exposure of such duration as is best calculated to draw out all the beauties of the scene. The dark foliage of trees will require a longer exposure than a house that has been painted white. And in this connection it is proper to remark that the most inane and insipid feature of the pastime is the photography of houses. No artist who is in love with the art will waste any of his precious negatives upon houses except, perchance, those that are singularly beautiful and rustic in their architectural conception.

Landscapes constitute the poetry of photography. They make up the rhythmic beauty of the photographic melody. A proper appreciation of the art is predicted upon the delicate impressionableness of the artist with reference to natural scenery.

The photography of faces that have been previously prepared to the "ordeal" should be left for the "professional" whose appreciation of the art is circumscribed by the limitations of the almighty dollar. It is his business to flatter human vanity for sordid lucre. The amateur must not prostitute the art to such base ends. If he desires to embalm a sweet face or a graceful form on the unfading tablets of photography, he should "take" them by the instantaneous process, when they are not posing for it.

Groups of merrymakers, taken at a picnic or outing, without any warning from the operator, form a laughable feature of photography, and the pictures have the rare merit of being exceedingly "natural."

The time is coming when an educated man will not think of starting upon a pilgrimage without his trusty camera, upon whose never failing power he may depend to secure a panorama of his journey, which will be one of the comforts of his declining years. A glance at the pictures will revive a thousand tender associations of earlier days.

The time is also coming when every educated man who builds himself a home to live in, will give as much attention to the construction of the "dark room" as he does to the library. In the dark room, where may be developed at leisure the results of a day's tramp in field and forest, are to be found the true delights of photography. Here are evolved by the wand of the photographic wizard, the pictures that will hang on memory's wall for many years to come. After the day's battle and the ignoble strife for gain is ended, it is sweet to retire into the quiet seclusion of the enchanted dark room, and bring to light the hidden sun pencilings of a long ramble through the woods in the autumn days.

The dark room is an institution that will mollify the asperities of connubial life and dissipate the corroding perplexities of business care.—Forest and Stream.

The Deepest Lake Known.

By far the deepest lake known in the world is Lake Baikal, in Siberia, which is every way comparable to the great Canadian lakes as regards size; for, while its area of over 9,000 square miles makes it about equal to Erie in superficial extent, its enormous depth of between 4,000 and 4,500 feet makes the volume of its waters almost equal to that of Lake Superior. Although its surface is 1,350 feet above the sea level, its bottom is nearly 3,000 feet below it. The Caspian lake, or sea, as it is usually called, has a depth in its southern basin of over 3,000 feet. Lake Maggiore is 3,000 feet deep, Lake Como nearly 2,000 feet and Lago-di-Garda, another Italian lake, has a depth in certain places of 1,900 feet. Lake Constance is over 1,000 feet deep, and Huron and Michigan reach depths of 900 and 1,000 feet.—New York Telegram.

AN IMPORTANT CLUB OFFER

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Gives its readers literature of lasting interest and value, it is fully and beautifully illustrated and has already gained a more than national circulation exceeding 125,000 copies monthly.

PRICE 25 CENTS A NUMBER. $3.00 A YEAR.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS with Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons the Publishers enable us to offer SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE with

THE CITIZEN

at the low combination rate of $4.40 for both. Send your order now. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Address THE CITIZEN, 79 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

THE STUDY OF MAN.

Nature, Not Text Books, the Means of Learning Human Nature.

When Alexander Pope wrote "The Proper Study of Mankind is Man," he gave expression to a far reaching truth, illustrated every day. To understand man in his various moods, to be able to control and guide him, is to be a king among men. Self control is the first fruit of each study rightly carried on, and then follows the control of others—not as an exacting master, but as a guide and friend. The leaders in business, in politics, in war, the men who attain eminence in the active affairs in which large numbers are associated, although they may not have set out to make a study of man, and may, in fact, be unconscious of their attainments, have nevertheless acquired a knowledge of themselves, which gives them self control, and a knowledge of the moods, impulses and weaknesses of others that enables them to take control as leaders. Such power is not necessarily associated with a high degree of culture in other directions, nor, on the other hand, does the possession of general intelligence necessarily include this power. The contrary is very frequently the case—literary culture, arising from a close study of books, depriving one of that intimate association with men which is essential to a knowledge of their dispositions, emotions and passions.

Even the books that "hold the mirror up to nature" present but a partial and imperfect view of man. The true student must go to nature herself for instruction. It is this circumstance that sometimes gives rise to wonderment at the success of this man or the failure of that by those who fail to consider the great value of a study of man to those who would be guides or leaders, or who are called upon to manage large bodies of men. He who learns by study, observation or experience when to humor, when to command, and how to play upon the hopes, ambitions, cupidity or fears of others, so as to get them to do his bidding, has mastered the greatest of all instruments, besides which the playing upon a pipe is indeed simple. There are men of this kind who, having special aptitude for command, soon learn, unconsciously it may be, how to lead, guide or drive others. They come to the front in war, in politics and in business life, and succeed oftentimes in spite of defects in their scholastic training, while their better educated rivals, lacking knowledge of men, fail altogether, or if they rise above the ranks gain only subordinate places.

Until within recent years there have been scarcely any attempts to make a man a school study; nor is it to be expected that the study as now carried on will take the place of experience in raising up managers of men. Yet it is worth while for those who find themselves deficient in this respect to formally begin the study in their own persons as in that of others. Self study is always useful, for it develops unexpected weaknesses that may be corrected if there is a disposition to improve, and it at least gives suggestions as to the weaknesses of others, through which they may be controlled or managed.

When Hamlet, having vainly importuned Guildenstern to play upon the pipe, throws it upon the floor, he exclaims: "Why, look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass, and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it."

In that passage a strong figure of speech is presented, illustrating what may be done by those who have made a proper study of mankind. They can play upon humanity as skillfully as the musician plays upon the pipe.

Guildenstern lacked knowledge more than Hamlet lacked advancement, but there were doubtless others even in that day who could have sounded Hamlet from his lowest note to the top of his compass, and have guided and controlled him. At all events, the ruder instruments represented by common men may be played upon, and it is those who have made the study recommended by Pope who do play upon them, and become leaders among men. It is a study that all can undertake; the subjects are innumerable, and the guide book to them all is ever present in the student's own person.—Baltimore Sun.

Almost Buried Alive.

Stories about persons showing signs of life after having been prepared for the grave need to be taken with a grain of salt, even this one from Canada, which seems most plausible: "Auguste Archambault, a farmer of Coaticoke, a town near Montreal, narrowly escaped being buried alive yesterday. Archambault had been seriously ill for some weeks with supposed typhoid fever. Friday night he began to sink rapidly, and early Saturday all signs of life ceased, and the doctor pronounced him dead. The usual wake was held, and yesterday being fixed upon for burying the supposed deceased, the remains were taken to the village church and afterward to the graveyard. The friends of the farmer were gathered around the grave, into which the coffin was being lowered, when all were startled by hearing a groan from it. The coffin was at once burst open, when it was found that Archambault was alive. He was hurriedly carried to his home, and, though very weak, the two physicians who were called have hopes of completely restoring him to health."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Imprisonment by Deputy.

The Paris correspondent of The London Daily News, telegraphing recently, said: "A curious attempt to shirk imprisonment by substitution came before the Paris assizes this afternoon. M. Dubusc, landlord of a cafe, was sentenced the other day to forty-eight hours' imprisonment for having held concerts on his premises without a license. In France a defendant who is a householder is not taken from the court to prison, but is allowed a respite of two or three weeks or a month at his discretion. At the end of this period he receives a polite letter from the prison governor requesting him to call at his earliest convenience in order to serve out the sentence.

M. Dubusc during this respite found a pauper, who had just been discharged from Nanterre, and induced him to go to prison for 20 francs. Boislache—this was the man's name—went off to the Petite Roquette, introduced himself as Dubusc, which name he signed on the visitors' book, and was locked up in a cell. His ragged appearance, however, aroused suspicion, and detection speedily followed. Boislache was prosecuted for forgery and M. Dubusc as his accomplice. The jury, however, acquitted them both."

He Got the Quarter.

"If I gave you a cent, Bobbie, what would you do with it?

"I'd buy a postal card and write to you for a quarter."—Harper's Bazar.

THE WICKER WORKERS.

THE BUSINESS OF WEAVING TWIGS INTO THINGS OF UTILITY.

An Ancient Art in Which the Britons and Romans Were Adepts—The Process as It Is Carried on in a Modern Shop—Not a Very Lucrative Calling.

Wicker work is world wide and of ancient date. The Romans found wicker boats covered with skins in use among the ancient natives of Britain. Round boats of wicker work, covered with bitumen or skins, were used on the Tigris and Euphrates in the time of Herodotus, and similar boats are still used there. In India boats of a similar form and construction are still in use for crossing rapid rivers; they are made of bamboo and skins and require only a few hours' labor.

The ancient Britons manufactured wicker vessels with extraordinary skill and ingenuity. Their costly and elegant baskets are mentioned by Juvenal in speaking of the extravagance of the Romans in his time. The natives of South America made baskets of rushes so closely woven as to hold liquids. The natives of Tasmania wove similar watertight vessels of leaves.

The Kaffers and Hottentots are skilled in weaving the roots of certain plants. Shields, in ancient times, were constructed of wicker work, plain or covered with hides, and are still in use among certain savage tribes. Wicker work is now largely used for the bodies of light carriages. In different parts of the world, houses, huts, gates, fences, sledges and shoes are formed by this ancient and universal art.

In the construction of the rudest kind of a basket the twigs or rods are assorted according to their size and use and left considerably longer than the work to be woven. They are laid on the floor in pairs parallel to each other and at small intervals apart and in the direction of the long diameter of the basket. Two large rows are laid across the parallel rods with their thick ends toward the workman, who is to put his foot on them and weave them one at a time alternately over and under those first laid down, confining them in their places. This forms the foundation of the basket and is technically called the slat or slate.

Then the long end of one of these two rods is woven over and under the pairs of short ends all round the bottom till the whole is woven in. The same is done with the other rod, and then additional long ones are woven in till the bottom of the basket is of sufficient size. The sides are formed by sharpening the large ends of enough stout rods to form the ribs, and plaiting or forcing the sharpened ends into the bottom of the basket from the circumference toward the center, then raising the rods in the direction the sides of the basket are to have and weaving other rods between them till the basket is of the required depth. The brim is formed by bending down and fastening the perpendicular sides of the ribs, whereby the whole is firmly and compactly united. A handle is fitted to the basket by forcing two or three sharpened rods of the right length down the weaving of the sides close to each other and pinning them fast about two inches below the brim, so that the handle may retain its position when completed. The ends of the rods are then bound or plaited in any way the workmen may choose.

There are twelve firms of basket makers in Detroit, employing about 100 persons, mostly men and boys. It is seldom that a girl is employed in this business, and there are no women. The reason assigned is that the only thing they could do would be to plat, and there is so much bending over in the work. Besides this the cutting of splints and bands is very heavy work. The men and boys work ten hours a day when they do not work by the piece, and the average wages are from $5 to $10 per week. Piece workers sometimes average $18 per week, but that is when the basket maker is especially skillful.

The basket principally manufactured in the city is the splint, the splints being shavings cut from Norway pine and in a large variety of sizes, some covered and some open, from a quart to a bushel and a half. The largest sized covered baskets are used extensively by florists in which to convey cut flowers, and are packed in the delivery wagons. Traveling lunch baskets are made of the Norway splints, and are used generally for the festive picnic and for traveling purposes where a cold lunch is the comfortable and economical idea. The splints are woven in diamond shape, and the market baskets of this material are called diamond baskets.

Other market baskets are made of the osier willow, the osiers coming from various parts of Michigan. Of the willow baskets, there is the clothes hamper, the clothes basket and open and covered market baskets varying in size, but all having a special form.

The willows are prepared by the boiling process for the purpose of peeling them. They are then allowed to cool, and are tied up in bundles for future use. They are split as they are needed for use by passing them through a small knife, set in a block. A great many wild willows are used, but only in rough baskets, such as open market baskets. Cultivated willows are used for the finer qualities of baskets and willow chairs and cradles, and the tops of children's carriages. The willows are grown in swampy places that cannot be utilized for other purposes without draining.

The fancy baskets are principally imported from Germany. The gaudily stained Indian basket is made on Walpole island, but there is not near so many made on that island as heretofore. The wood, principally black ash and latterly rock elm, has been exhausted, and they have got to get their material in Canada. Mostly market baskets are made by the Indians.

The general condition of those who are engaged in the manufacture of baskets and wicker work generally is one of fair living, with close economy, since the business is one which is not of a nature to develop great establishments and concentrate great wealth.—Detroit News.

A Fact

WORTH knowing is that blood diseases which all other remedies fail to cure, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Fresh confirmation of this statement comes to hand daily. Even such deep-seated and stubborn complaints as Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, and the like, are thoroughly eradicated by the use of this wonderful alterative.

Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th street, New York, certifies:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months. I am pleased to say that it effected a complete cure, and that I have since had no return of the disease."

Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H., writes: "One year ago I was taken ill with rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."

"I have taken a great deal of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I felt its beneficial effects before I had quite finished one bottle, and I can freely testify that it is the best blood-medicine I know of."—L. W. Ward, Sr., Woodland, Texas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

When going to Europe,

OR SENDING FOR YOUR FRIENDS,

be sure to secure passage by one of the

MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS

OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND POPULAR

OF ALL OCEAN LINES.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 582 Feet, 10,000 Tons, 15,000 Horsepower.
BRITANNIC,
ADRIATIC,
TEUTONIC, 582 Feet, 10,000 Tons, 15,000 Horsepower.
GERMANIC,
CELTIC,

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,

Calling at QUEENSTOWN to Land and Embark Passengers and Mails.

The WHITE STAR LINE STEAMERS are among the LARGEST, FASTEST, SAFEST and FINEST afloat. They are lighted by Electricity, and are foremost in all appointments for the comfort of their passengers of all classes. Cabin passengers are carried only midships. Second Cabin and Steerage passengers are carried on same decks as Cabin, in large, well ventilated rooms. Although the accommodations are unexcelled, rates are as low as by any other strictly first class passenger line.

First and Second Cabin tickets, good for one year, issued at very moderate rates.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

J. BRUCE ISMAY, G'l Ag't, 41 Broadway, New York.
N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
54 S. Clark Street, Chicago.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

THREE GREAT CITIES AND THE WEST

LINKED TOGETHER BY THE

CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.

No Change of Cars OF ANY CLASS BETWEEN CHICAGO & KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS, AND ST. LOUIS & KANSAS CITY.

Union Depots in EAST ST. LOUIS, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY, and CHICAGO. No other line runs

PALACE DINING CARS

between CHICAGO and KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS, and ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY. Meals equal to those served in any First-Class Hotel, only 75 cents. The finest

PALACE RECLINING CHAIR CARS

in the world are run in all Through Trains, day and night, without change, and FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS

the finest, best and safest in use anywhere.

The best and quickest route from CHICAGO to MEMPHIS, MOBILE, NEW ORLEANS, and all points SOUTH via ST. LOUIS.

The Short Line to

Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nebraska, Oregon, California, etc.

The GREAT EXCURSION ROUTE between the NORTH and SOUTH, and to and from KANSAS LANDS and the HEALTH RESORTS and MINING DISTRICTS of the West and South-west.

See that your tickets read via "CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD."

For Maps, Time Tables, and all information, address

JAMES CHARLTON,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent, 219 Dearborn Street, Corner Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. C. McMULLIN, Vice-President.
C. H. CHAPPELL, General Manager.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

Prof. J. P. Lauth, H C R, 361 N Clark st; John O'Neill, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis; J J Dillon, H. S, 194 N Clark st. N Wallenborn, H. Treas., 319 E Division st. Dr. J W Niles, H M E, 296 LaSalle av. Chas Langale, S C. Stephen Conley, J C J D Raggio, I S. Jas Kelley, O S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

J P Lauth, John O'Neill, J J Dillon, N Wallenborn, Dr J W Niles, P J Cahill, P Chambers, N F Franchere, John Bednora, Henry Detmer, John W Clancy.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Smith, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brackan, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Malley, C R, 24 Rumsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 8 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in MaElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keafe, R S, 365 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 799 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2513 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hogan, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3308 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 359 W Adams st; M O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Archer hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M O Cooney, R S, 348 Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 609 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Knehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 361 S May st; S A Glow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 950 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 506 Bark st; P Noonan, F S; H G Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3015 Wentworth av; F N Meninger, F S; M W Fola, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgoleaux, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2201 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—R Barns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 859 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Asheden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovrena, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seiks, F S; Val Schmittaschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 909 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 250 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 419 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—P Farel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 256 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 226 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtesh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 S Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Fitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 208 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5324 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 3611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P G. Crane, R S, 261 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1429 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Archer hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J Molnerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagosarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Wissandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 358 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jennison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3741 Butterfield st.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 196 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 185 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec., 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2538 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Gordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; F. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Friell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quisley, Rec. Sec., 672 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall. Town of Lake

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James F. O'Brien 376 S Morgan st.; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 9—James F Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Doland, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons Fin. Sec. Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T O Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m. in Sigerman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley, Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Rasner's hall Lock st and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway, Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—Pres., P. B. Flanagan, 3741 Butterfield st; V.-P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3730 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Benely; Treas., Thomas Flanigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Lofus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Beedy, Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3331 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett, 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month at 2 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each monta at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Francy. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div No. 26—Pres. John McHenna 5229 Wentworth av; V. P. J P Dobesy; Rec sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec. James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each monta at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 367 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first saturday each month at 1066 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles F. Holbrook, 3559 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Deshiel sts.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.

President, Rev. F. G. Lents, Tipton, Ind.

First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.

Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.

Secretary, J. B. McCalley, Pittsburg, Pa.

Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.

Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.

Sergeant at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

ST. STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 526 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st, Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 503 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

John L. Cunningham, 2900 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

P. Duggan, 503 Grove st, Jersey City, N.J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patton, No. 1 Yesmas Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 431 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 3010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 333 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E S. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st. Portland, Me.

Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.

Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 304 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 533 Austin av Chicago.

Vice-President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill.

Secretary, John Mulvihill, 378 W. Erie st, Chicago.

Treasurer, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.

Trustees, A Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A O'Connor; State Medical Examiner, Dr. W. Synon, Chicago.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTOR

FIGHTING THE SAVAGES.

The Editor of "The Citizen" Preparing a Volume on the Sioux Campaigns of 1876 and 1879.

The editor of THE CITIZEN is preparing for publication, and will soon have ready for the press, a comprehensive history of the great Sioux War, of 1876, conducted by Generals Crook and Terry, which terminated the year following in the surrender of the war chief, Crazy Horse, with the main body of the hostiles; and also of Gen. Miles' expedition against Sitting Bull's band in Northern Montana, during the summer of 1879. As correspondent in the field for the Chicago *Times*, the editor of THE CITIZEN was an eye-witness of both campaigns, and his volume will contain an authentic account of those stirring scenes which made the years mentioned memorable in American history. The march, the camp, the bivouac, the buffalo hunt, the battle, the scout and the skirmish, will give a variety of adventure such as no experience of civilized warfare could furnish. As those two wars virtually terminated the stubbornly held power of the warlike Sioux tribes in the great West their history cannot fail to be interesting to every officer and enlisted man of the United States Army, and also to the American people at large. It will be the aim of the writer to keep alive his readers' interest in the narrative, without deviating from military exactness. In order, however, to satisfy the demands of the purely military reader, and, at the same time avoid dryness in the body of the volume, he will publish, in the form of an appendix, such official documents bearing on the campaigns in question as may be of importance.

The writer also accompanied the column of Gen. Merritt, which went to the rescue of the survivors of Maj Thornburgh's detachment on Milk river, Colorado, in the fall of 1879, when the Ute Indians rose in rebellion and murdered their agent and his assistants; and he was with Gen Eugene A. Carr, when that officer campaigned against the White Mountain Apaches, who had murdered Capt. Hentig and some soldiers of the Sixth Cavalry in the Cibicu valley, Arizona, in 1881. But these latter experiences, if compiled with Sioux campaigns, would make too bulky a volume, and their publication will be a matter for future action.

A good deal has been written in "dribs and drabs," as it were, of Indian campaigning in several of our territories, and much of it has been highly interesting; but the work now in course of preparation will have the advantage of having been written —the foundation of it, at least—in the very midst of the scenes and incidents which it will describe. There will be no attempt at picturesque exaggeration, because, in all truth, the experiences of the Sioux War excelled anything that the human imagination could create. Therefore, whatever merit the book may possess will be due quite as much to the opportunities of the author as to his qualifications as a historian.

The principal surviving officers who held command in the expeditions and scouts which John F. Finerty accompanied were: Major Gen. George Crook; Brigadier Gen. Nelson A. Miles; Brig Gen. Wesley Merritt; Bvt. Maj Gen. Eugene A Carr, colonel of the Sixth cavalry; Col. W. B. Royall, late of the Fourth cavalry, retired; Col A. W. Evans, Third cavalry; Bvt. Colonel and Major Guy V. Henry, Ninth cavalry; Bvt. Colonel and Maj Anson Mills, Tenth cavalry; Bvt. Col and Maj. H. E Noyes, U S A.; Col. T. H. Stanton, U.S.A.; Col. Alex Chambers, U. S.A.; Maj A S Burt, U.S.A.; Maj. Lunn, U.S.A.; Maj. Burke, Fourteenth infantry; Maj. P. D. Vroom, U. S. A.; Maj T. C. Tupper, Sixth cavalry; Major G. M. Randall, Twenty-third infantry; Capt. Charles King, U.S.A., the famed military novelist, late of the Fifth cavalry, retired; Capt. John G. Bourke, Third cavalry, formerly aid to Gen. Crook; Capt. Rice, Fifth infantry; Capt Baldwin, Fifth infantry; Lieut. O. F. Long, Fifth infantry; Lieut. Frederick W. Sibley, Second cavalry, commander of the celebrated "Sibley Scout," of which Mr. Finerty was the only journalistic attache; and a number of others more or less distinguished.

The details of publication have not yet been completed, but it is settled that the volume will be put before the public at popular prices, and in good form. When all the details of publishing the book have been agreed upon, due announcement will be made in these columns and elsewhere.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

DEVLIN'S

24 & 26 E. Randolph St.

Granulated Sugar	6¾
White Loaf Patent Flour, per bbl	$5.00
10-lb Caddy Good Tea	$2.00
4 lbs Java Coffee	$1.00

All Groceries at Wholesale Prices. A full line of Pure Wine and Liquors for Family and Medical Use.

JOHN DEVLIN & CO., 24 & 26 EAST RANDOLPH STREET.

The Chicago & Atlantic Railway,

In conjunction with the ERIE SYSTEM, operates DAILY, FAST, VESTIBULED TRAINS TO THE SEABOARD. You may travel in Palatial, Pullman, Buffet Vestibule Sleeping Cars or Luxurious Pullman Vestibule Day Coaches, and save $1 50 to New York, Buffalo and Niagara Falls; $2 35 to Albany and Troy, and $3 00 to Boston and New England cities.

NO RIVAL LINES OFFERS THE ADVANTAGES OF A SYSTEM OF THROUGH FIRST AND SECOND CLASS PULLMAN VESTIBULE DAY COACHES AND DINING CARS, CHICAGO TO NEW YORK IT IS THE ONLY LINE OPERATING PULLMAN CARS TO BOSTON AND NEW ENGLAND VIA ALBANY.

For detailed information, tickets and reservation in Pullman cars, apply at the City Ticket Office, 107 S. CLARK ST., Grand Pacific Hotel, Palmer House, Dearborn Station, or to the Agencies of connecting lines of railways.

G M BEACH, General Manager. CHICAGO. F. C. DONALD, General Passenger Agent.

LADIES YOUR CHOICE. 100,000 DEMOREST CORSETS 100,000 SHOULDER BRACES 100,000 STOCKING SUPPORTERS FREE

A MARVELOUS OFFER

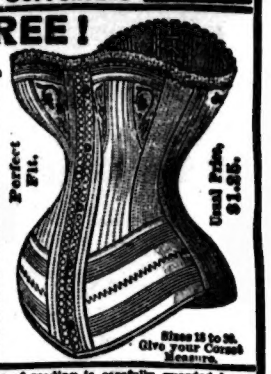
By A Reliable House!

Every lady has heard of MME. DEMOREST. Her name is a by word in every house in the land. Her celebrated Patterns have been in use over 40 years. We are the publishers of the well-known publication, Mme. Demorest's Illustrated Monthly Fashion Journal and we wish to increase its circulation 200,000 copies during the next 90 days, and to that end we will give away to new subscribers

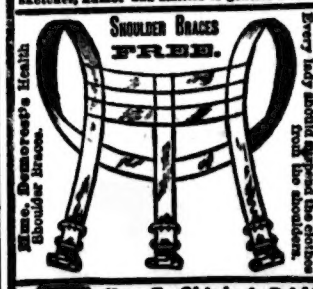
100,000 Demorest Celeb'd Corsets " Shoulder Braces " Stocking Supporters FREE

The MME. DEMOREST ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FASHION JOURNAL is a 32 page paper, beautifully illustrated, covering every possible field of Fashions, Fancy Work, Home Decorations, Cooking, etc., each department being under the special supervision of the best known contributors. It is besides replete with matters of interest to mothers, and is furthermore filled with illustrations, stories, sketches, humor and matters of general interest.

FREE!



Sizes 18 to 30. Give your Corset Measure.



Every line of reading is carefully guarded by an editor, who receives $5,000 per annum, and nothing is published in its columns but the best and purest reading matter. It may be admitted to any household, and your children may read it as well as you. It numbers among its subscribers the wives of thousands of clergymen throughout the country. It is the best Fashion paper published in the world. It tells you "What to Wear" "When and How to Wear It." It gives you all the latest styles in Ladies' Hats, Bonnets, etc. It is always abreast of the times, and everything within its pages is new and original. It also contains the latest Fashion news from abroad by our Special London and Paris correspondents.

HOW TO OBTAIN The Mme. Demorest Corset FREE

Send 50 Cents for one year's subscription to our JOURNAL, and 25 cents additional to pay postage and packing. 75 CENTS in all, and we will mail you one of these handsome CORSETS FREE.

How To Obtain Two Articles: A PAIR OF SHOULDER BRACES AND Stocking Supporters FREE

Send us 50 Cents for one year's subscription to our JOURNAL, and 25 Cents additional to pay postage and packing. 75 Cents in all, and we will mail you these two articles, One Pair of SHOULDER BRACES and One Pair of STOCKING SUPPORTERS ENTIRELY FREE!

REMEMBER THERE IS NO HUMBUG ABOUT THESE OFFERS.

We do exactly as we guarantee. Our house has been established for over 40 years, and we can refer you to any Commercial Agency, Bank, Express Office or Business Firm in the land. Make all remittances either by Express, Postal Note, Money Order or Registered Letter. When postal note is not procurable, send stamps. Address all communications to

THE DEMOREST FASHION & SEWING MACHINE CO., 17 EAST 14th STREET, NEW YORK.

This offer should be taken advantage of at once as we will give away no more than 100,000 of each article. SHOW THIS TO YOUR FRIENDS. IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

We know the Demorest Fashion and Sewing Machine Co. to be a thoroughly reliable firm and advise our readers to accept their offer.—EDITOR.

JAMES H. WARD,

Attorney and Counselor-at-Law,

Rooms 507 and 508, Real Estate Board Building,

59 DEARBORN STREET,

NORTHEAST COR. RANDOLPH.

Titles to Real Estate Examined. Special Attention to Real Estate Law. Loans Negotiated.

JOHN NACHTEN. M. J. NACHTEN

JOHN NACHTEN & CO.,

GENERAL AGENTS

Hibernia Insurance Company,

OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Chicago Office, 181 LaSalle-st.

TELEPHONE NO. 538

F. D. Kinsella & Co.

85 Jackson-st., Chicago,

Designers and Manufacturers of

Stained, Cut, and Embossed

Glass

For Churches, Residences, Public Halls and Buildings, &c.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

ESTABLISHED 1845

The oldest and most popular scientific and mechanical paper published and has the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the world. Fully illustrated. Best class of Wood Engravings. Published weekly. Send for specimen copy. Price $3 a year. Four months' trial, $1. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, N.Y.

ARCHITECTS & BUILDERS Edition of Scientific American.

A great success. Each issue contains colored lithographic plates of country and city residences or public buildings. Numerous engravings and full plans and specifications for the use of such as contemplate building. Price $2.50 a year. 25 cts. a copy. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS.

PATENTS may be secured by applying to MUNN & Co., who have had over 40 years' experience and have made over 100,000 applications for American and Foreign patents. Send for Handbook. Correspondence strictly confidential.

TRADE MARKS.

In case your mark is not registered in the Patent Office, apply to MUNN & Co., and procure immediate protection. Send for Handbook.

COPYRIGHTS for books, charts, maps, etc., quickly procured. Address

MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, GENERAL OFFICE: 361 BROADWAY, N. Y

I CURE FITS

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. DR. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl st., N.Y.

ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases, Constipation and Biliousness.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid to active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Particulars and sample case Free. We mean what we say. Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

TEAS.

Best Sample Tea 20c. Best Japan Dust 10c. Good Japan Teas 20c. Elegant Teas, all kinds, 25c. Best Japan in the World 50c. Best Gunpowder, Oolong and English Breakfast 60c per lb. Why Pay More?

SEXTON,

The Tea Man,

20 & 22 STATE STREET.

M. O'BRIEN,

House Mover.

Buildings Re-stilled and Underpinned. Substantial and Reasonable, by Experienced Workmen. Country Correspondence invited. Address—

M. O'BRIEN,

3 BLUE ISLAND AVENUE,

CHICAGO.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, with its varied and excellent contents, is a library in itself.

It was indeed a happy thought to print an entire novel in each number.

Not a short novelette, but a long story such as you are used to get in book form and pay from one dollar to one dollar and a half for.

Not only that, but with each number you get an abundance of other contributions, which gives you a good magazine besides the novel.

The ringing blows which have been struck on the gateway of popular favor, have resounded throughout the entire land, and to-day Lippincott's Magazine stands in the front rank of monthly publications, and is the most widely-read-and-talked of publication of its kind in the world. For full descriptive circulars, address

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia

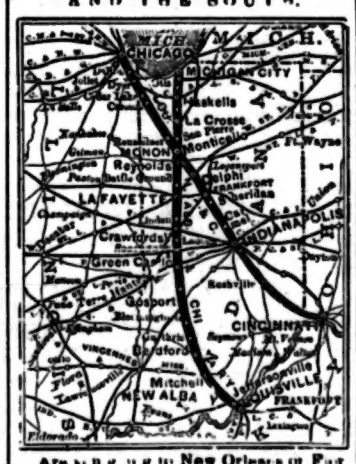
$3.00 per year. 25 cts. single number.

The publisher of this paper will receive your subscription.

MONON ROUTE

LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO RY.

THE PULLMAN CAR LINE TO INDIANAPOLIS CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE AND THE SOUTH.



Are you going to New Orleans or Florida? If so send and get our descriptive matter of the GREAT WORLD'S FAIR and the Winter Resorts of Florida. Via this line you are permitted to stop off and visit the World Renowned MAMMOTH CAVE. City Ticket Office, 72 Clark st. Chicago. JAMES BARKER, General Passenger Agent.

To EUROPE IN A TRIFLE OVER 6-DAYS-6

BY THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD LINE

ESTABLISHED 1840,

Carrying the British and United States Mails

Two and Three Sailings a Week

FROM NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

Passage Tickets to and from all parts of EUROPE at Lowest Rates. Note Tonnage and Horse-Power of our Ships.

ETRURIA, 8,000 tons, 14,000 Horse-power.
UMBRIA, 8,000 tons, 14,000 Horse-power.
AURANIA, 7,269 tons, 10,000 Horse-power.
SERVIA, 7,392 tons, 10,000 Horse-power.
CEPHALONIA, 5,281 tons, 4,800 Horse-power.
PAVONIA, 5,155 tons, 4,500 Horse-power.
CATALONIA, 5,200 tons, 4,500 Horse-power.
GALLIA, 5,212 tons, 5,000 Horse-power.
BOTHNIA, 4,557 tons, 5,000 Horse-power.
SCYTHIA, 4,557 tons, 4,500 Horse-power.

And others. Being the Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent ships in the world. Many of the above are over 500 feet long, 65 feet wide, and have made the fastest passages on record. *This Line Has Never Lost a Passenger* and is the oldest in existence.

F. C. WHITING, Man'r West'n Dept. 282 Randolph Street, Under Sherman House.

P. V. FITZPATRICK, 145 Twenty second st.

M. J. GERAGHTY, 433 W. Twelfth street, (Adjoining Jesuit Church)

KEELEY Brewing Co.,

MALTSTERS AND

LAGER BEER Brewers,

28th St., and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO.

DO YOU WANT A BOOK? WRITE TO US.

Any book in the world furnished at publisher's price. Name books wanted. (Send stamp). Metropolitan Press Agency, 45 Warren St., N. Y.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING.

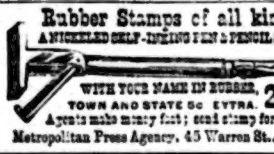
IT PAYS TO ILLUSTRATE YOUR BUSINESS.

Portraits, and cuts of colleges, hotels, factories, machinery, &c., made to order from photographs. Send stamp for specimen sheets.

GOOD WORK. LOW PRICES. QUICK TIME. Metropolitan Press Agency, 45 Warren Street, New York.

Rubber Stamps of all kinds.

A NICKELED SELF-INKING PEN & PENCIL STAMP



WITH YOUR NAME IN RUBBER, TOWN AND STATE 5c EXTRA. 25c.

Agents make money fast; send stamp for terms. Metropolitan Press Agency, 45 Warren St., N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full terms address, Centennial Mfg. Co. Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

COOKE Brewing Co.,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers, Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.

TELEPHONE 8298.

McAVOY BREWING COMPANY.

PURE BARLEY MALT

LAGER BEER.

2249 SOUTH PARK-AVE.

Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company.

MILWAUKEE,

REPRESENTED BY

EDWARD G. UIHLEIN.

Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.

CONRAD SEIPP

Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 9TH STREET,

Chicago, Ill.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Celebrated Salvator Beer.

PILSENER LAGER BEER

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Tailors and Drapers

JAMES CUSHING, The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper, No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren. A Perfect Fit Guaranteed

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 38 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Room 905 Chicago Opera House, Corner Clark and Washington-sts.

RYAN, JOHN B., Attorney-at-Law, 153 W Madison-st., Room 1. Residence 350 Blue Island-av., Chicago.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN E., Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs, 158, 160, 162 & 164 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

Real Estate Agents.

MURPHY & AMES, Real Estate, Loans and Insurance, 81 S. Clark-st., Room 6 Chicago. M. E. Ames, Attorney-at-Law.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BROS, Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Office and Yard 908 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HOBGAR, WILLIAM, Dealer in Teas, Wines and Liquors. 44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago. Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BEIRNE, P. Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies. Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware. 849 W. Harrison street. Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge

O'DONOHUE, J. J. Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Headquarters for Imported Lilliak, 113 Eine-st., corner Market, Chicago.

RHEUMATISM CONQUERED

SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN'S, M.D., Dublin.

(Ireland's Most Distinguished Physician).

RHEUMATIC & GOUT REMEDY

The most wonderful medical discovery of the age. When everything else fails it cures. Highest testimonials. Money refunded to purchaser if a cure is not effected. Send 6 and we will express bottle with full directions. Address BRYAN G. McSWINY, Sole Agent for United States,

SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY CO.,

240 Broadway, New York.

☞ Or if you order through your druggist be SURE and GET THIS INFALLIBLE REMEDY. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE AGENTS WANTED.

IRISH DILISK.

This splendid natural cure for the very worst forms of dyspepsia and kidney disease, freshly imported from Ireland, is for sale by DUFFY BROTHERS, General Western Agents and Importers No. 214 Blue Island avenue, Chicago Price 25 cents per pound, with large reductions to liberal consumers.

JOSEPH WOLF,

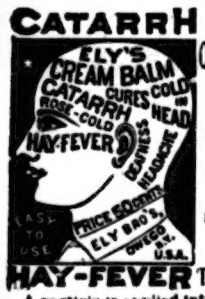
DISTILLERS' AGENT AND

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

79 Dearborn Street,

CHICAGO

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM



Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists, by mail, registered, 60 cts.

ELY BROTHERS 56 Warren-st., N. Y.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.